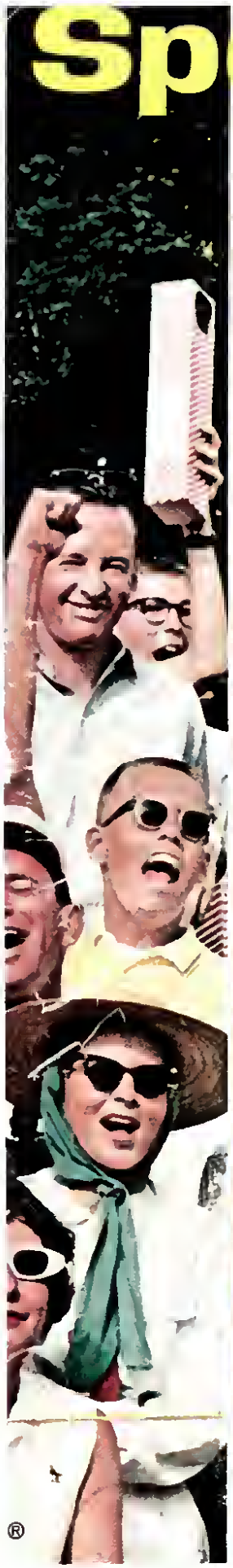
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 14, 1965 35 CENTS

U.S. OPEN

ROUGHEST OF THEM ALL

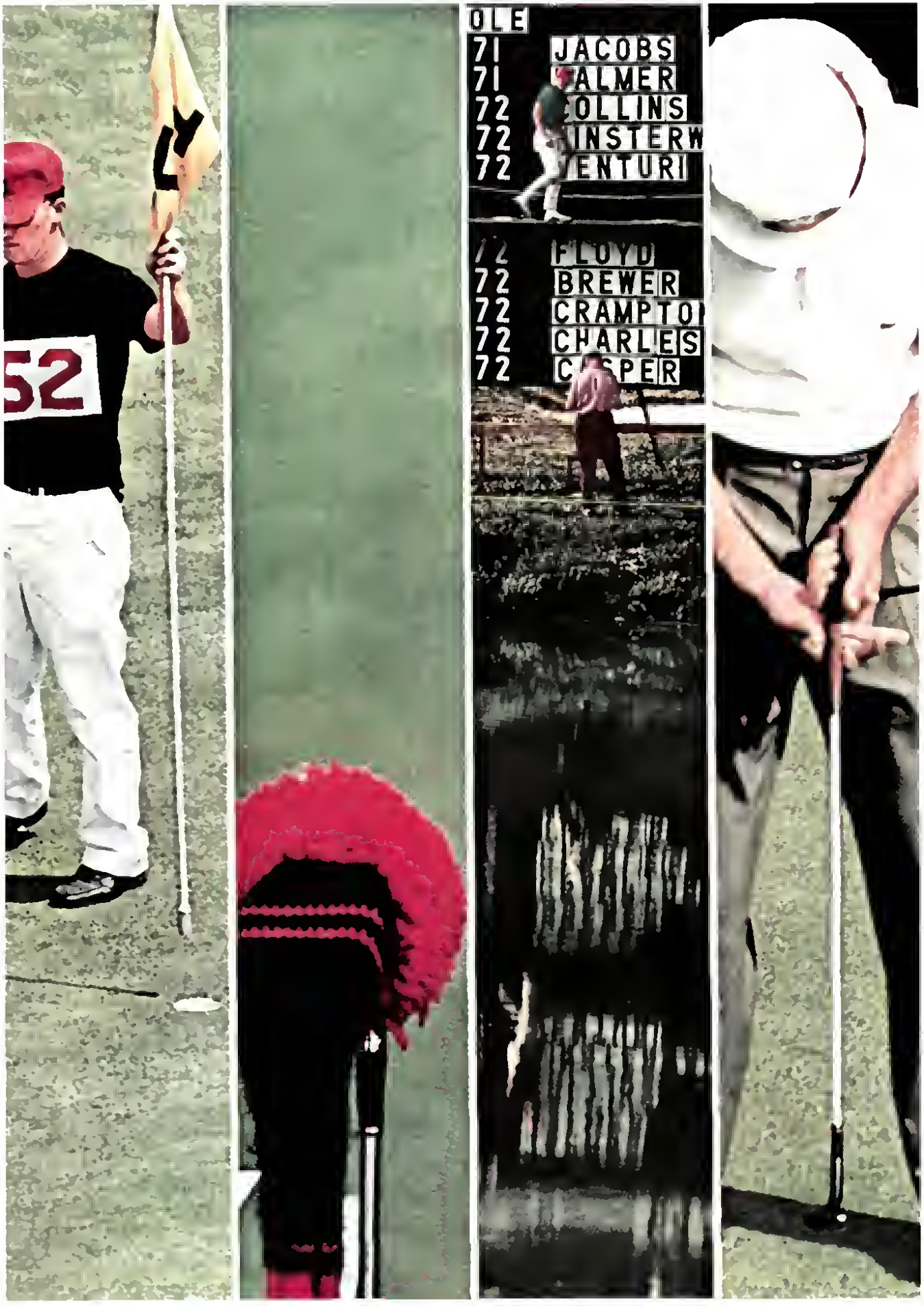








®


52
OLE
71 JACOBS
71 PALMER
72 COLLINS
72 INSTERW
72 VENTURI
72 FLOYD
72 BREWER
72 CRAMPTO
72 CHARLES
72 CASPER

Clubs yo

...RS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



Cleek
An all-purpose iron for distance off the fairways. Used in much the same way as today's #2 iron.

Putter
Even in the old days, putters took queer shapes. This one has a wooden head, faced with iron.

The year was 1895.
The first U. S. Open was played at Newport.
Eleven men entered.
Horace Rawlins won with a 173 for 36 holes.
Golf has changed a lot since then.
Most woods and irons are no longer made by hand.
Their shafts are steel instead of hickory.

Their proud old names have given way to antiseptic number
Happily, there is one club that hasn't changed a bit.
Canadian Club is still distilled with the same formula th
Hiram Walker created back in 1858. And it's still a preferre
whisky wherever distinguished people gather.
At country clubs. Private homes. Fine hotels. Restaurant
And taverns.

ı might have seen at



Mashie-Niblick
Corresponds to today's #6 or #7 iron. The deep ridges on its face gave balls the required backspin.

Driver
Note the leather inset, affixed with wooden pegs. Club bottom is ram's horn and brass, for added strength.

Gooseneck Niblick
This is an early gooseneck club. Some modern clubs are designed this way in an attempt to prevent shanking.

Why this whisky's universal popularity?
Canadian Club has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long. In short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.
You owe it to yourself to try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.



the first U.S. Open.



Track Iron
So-named because it was used for lofting the ball out of ruts made by horse-drawn maintenance wagons.

Canadian Club
First made in 1858, by Hiram Walker. Originally called "Club Whisky"—to show that it was served in exclusive gentlemen's clubs.

Gutta-Percha Ball
Replaced the feather ball in the mid-1800s. Its heavier weight led to the use of shorter, squattier club heads, with hickory shafts.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

Clubs courtesy Golf Trading Company, New York, N.Y.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



How it feels to take off in a Fairlane.

You feel the thrust of Fairlane's 289 cu. in. V-8 option—the engine that Cobra-builder Carroll Shelby calls "the best ever to come out of Detroit." You feel the solid quality of the car—a quality that is proved by millions of owner-driven miles. And you feel the solid contentment of a man who's made a *buy*. Can all this be true? You bet! *Ask any Fairlane owner.*

Best year yet to go Ford!
Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

MUSTANG FALCON FAIRLANE
GT THUNDERBIRD



Another lonely business trip? American Express asks, why?

You *could* have brought your wife.

It would have been a real kick, having her along, and it would have done her good to get away.

The two of you—alone for a change. That would have been nice.

Next time, bring your wife. With "Sign & Fly" service, you can charge *her* plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card and take a year to pay.

When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your American Express Card at the airline ticket office, or at a travel agency or any American Express Office. Then just sign your name.

No red tape. No delay. No deposit. And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

1. Extended plan. Take up to a year to pay. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans. (See box.)

PLAN	12 MONTH CHARGE PER $100
"Sign & Fly" service	$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Other major credit card plans	More than $9.50

2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next American Express statement with *no* service charge.

"Sign & Fly" on Air France, Air India, American, Braniff, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Icelandic, KLM, Lufthansa, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, Sabena, TWA, United, Western and 47 other airlines.

And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge tours and take a year to pay.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

Sports Illustrated is published weekly, at $7.50 per year, by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.



For something more reliable, get nylon cord tires.

Considering today's highways, a little luck is a nice thing to have. But you need a little more than a 50¢ rabbit's foot going for you.

You need strong, safe tires.

And what's the backbone of any reliable tire? Its cord construction.

Any tire cord worth its salt should be able to hit rocks and chuckholes repeatedly without going to pieces over it. Or hit high speeds without getting overheated and weak. Or hit puddles without getting soft inside from moisture rot.

Nylon cord can do all that and keep doing that. Better than any other textile fiber cord around. Bar none.

So get nylon cord tires. Especially if you don't own a rabbit's foot.

Anyway, nobody knows if rabbit's feet actually bring good luck. They don't seem to work for rabbits.

The manufacturers of today's most respected tires use **CHEMSTRAND® NYLON.**

NYLON
CHEMSTRAND

CHEMSTRAND, N.Y. A DIVISION OF Monsanto



The picture of freshness!

That's Hamm's. Fresh as a rushing stream. Cool.
Clean and crisp as the land of sky blue waters.
Pour yourself some freshness. Have yourself a Hamm's.

© 1965 Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., plants in St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston

EMI

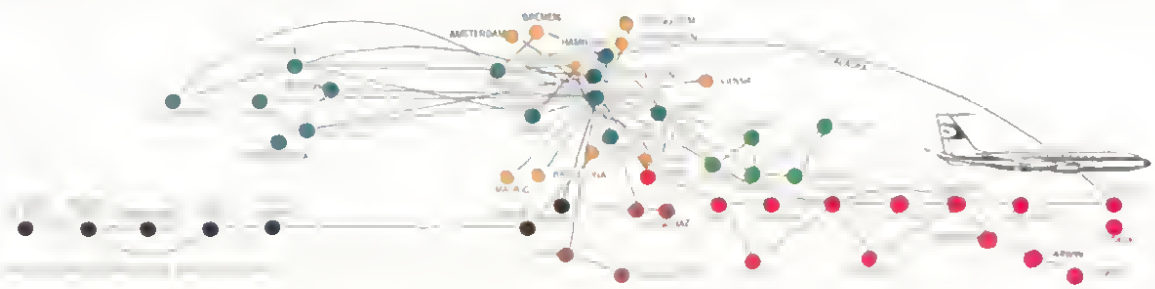


Trustworthiness is a trip on LUFTHANSA

It's something more than our thoroughgoing professional attituda towards our job of making your flight perfect. It's also the mighty comfortable feeling our passengers have, flying Lufthansa world-wida.

You enjoy this snug sense of well-being because your Lufthansa flight crew is sensitively attuned to it. They ara responsible people whose total attention is focused and concentrated on just one thing a happy flight for you.

This dedication to your easa and contentmant has made us ona of tha top 4 airlinas to Europa. Discover the differance yourself. Call your Travel Agant or Lufthansa German Airlines—olficas in all principal cities of tha U.S A. and Cenada.



Contents

JUNE 14, 1965 *Volume 22, No. 24*

Cover photograph by Jay Maisel

26 The Negro Athlete Is Invited Home

Southern schools step up their recruiting of Negroes as the SEC voids its gentleman's agreement

28 Hail to Zelda! Hail to Ben!

And Hail to All, a colt that brought three frustrating months to an end by winning a rousing Belmont

U.S. Open Preview

30 *Long-hitting Jack Nicklaus assesses the long Open course*

34 *Color photos show how a tranquil tournament explodes*

41 *The USGA's Joe Dey makes the grass grow tall*

48 Secrets of a Master Showman

In his concluding installment, Bill Veeck recommends promotional gimmicks to entertain fans

68 The New Two-minute Tents

The old ridgepole will soon be just a memory, thanks to camping gear that literally springs to attention

86 72 Hours of Terror

Vacationers who set off on a simple one-day climb are trapped on the storm-battered face of a Wyoming mountain

The departments

17 Scorecard
66 People
68 Design for Sport
70 Baseball
74 Bridge
79 Track
83 Harness Racing
107 Baseball's Week
108 For the Record
109 19th Hole















SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $7.50 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, EM1–EM4, E1–E8, extended eastern, EM1–EM4, E1–E8, V1–V2; midwestern, EM1–EM4, M1–M4; western, R1–R8, W1–W4; Los Angeles metropolitan, R1–R8, W1–W4, T1–T4, V1–V2; extended western, R1–R8, W1–W4, T1–T4, southern, S1–S4, Florida, EM1–EM4, E1–E8, S1–S4.

Credits on page 108

Next week

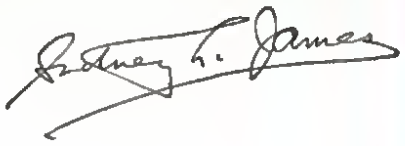
SHOWDOWN IN TORONTO pits the world's best middle and distance runners in the next act of track's traveling circus. John Underwood reports on the important races.

FOUR MILES OF SPEED have put Road America in Wisconsin at the top in U.S. sports car racing and have uncovered weekend warriors in office, shop and salesroom. A color essay.

THE FRIENDSHIP SLOOP is more like passion to sailormen who lose their hearts to the old lobster boats of Friendship, Me. A noted newsman tells of his affair with one of them.

© 1965 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



If you ask a mountain climber why he does it you are going to get the tattered old cliché "because it is there." and not much else. If you need further explanation, you should stay off mountains. There is a certain literary parallel. a man can write a story about mountain climbing because it is there. And, like the climber, he may not make it on the first attempt, yet he is irresistibly drawn back to it again and again until the story is written.



CLIMBER LIPSCOMB in Tetons on same day tragedy hit party he was to write about.

Concerning *72 Hours of Terror*, which begins on page 86, professional journalist and amateur climber James Lipscomb says, "It was a year before I wrote it, and one and a half years before I stopped adding to it." Of such repeated, studied assaults are good stories made. Lipscomb's account of 10 climbers trapped high on the face of Wyoming's Grand Teton clearly fits the parallel between mountaineering and writing. Lipscomb himself was climbing in the Tetons the day the tragedy began to unfold in late July of 1962. He remained in the area until the rescue was over, and, like most persons present at the time, he thought it would one day make a compelling story. But, he decided, "Somebody else will write it. It's not for me." Such an attitude was, of course, impossible to maintain. The story kept nagging at him, and nobody else did write it.

"But I never really understood mountain climbers," he says, "until a year later when I went on a climb in the Tetons with a highly experienced friend. We were caught in a dangerous situation. I was clinging under an overhang; I was badly seared. My leg muscles were trembling uncontrollably. I remember thinking, 'I'll never—if I ever get back down—get on a mountain again.' A few days later we went again. How does one describe it? There is this fascination. . . ."

This new understanding of climbing provided the final impetus for him to attack the tale that begins this week. Lipscomb returned to the Tetons and interviewed everyone in the reseue party. He devoted his spare time during the rest of the year to tracking down the survivors, not all of whom would talk. The leader of the climb refused to discuss it at all. Another key member relented at the last minute and filled in the final gaps for Lipscomb.

Now, having written the story because it was there, Lipscomb is back in his role as a photographer-producer of documentary films. He once was a writer (for LIFE magazine from 1953 until 1961). Before that, he had been a fire lookout at Yellowstone Park, a college English teacher and a one-year expatriate in France. As a journalist with camera, Lipscomb was chief photographer on *Faces of November*, a stark account of the American people's reaction to the assassination and funeral of President Kennedy, which won the Venice Film Festival's documentary award in 1964. This year a Lipscomb film has been selected for entry in the Edinburgh and Venice competitions. There is one more thing: successful cameraman Lipscomb is thorough. The year he went back to get his story (and the year he got to understand mountain climbers) he tried the Grand Teton himself, using a less hazardous route than the party he wrote about. "But I got to within 100 yards of the top," he says, "saw an ice gully I could not handle, and came right back down."

Sports Illustrated®

Editor-in-chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James A. Linen
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffith

Editorial Chairman: Henry R. Luce
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Hamilton B. Maule, Jack Olsen, Coles Phinizy, Kenneth Rudeen, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Dan Jenkins, William Leggett, Bob Ottum, Gilbert Rogin, Edwin Shrake, Lee E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Werner, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brody, Frank Deford, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Joe Jares, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Barbara La Fontaine, Rex Lardner, John Lovesey, Jack Mann, Harold Peterson, Liz Smith, Hugh O'Neill

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Stebbins; DEPUTY, George J. Bloodgood; ASSISTANTS Betty Dick, Dorothy Merz; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Phil Bath, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Scharfman, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Honor Fitzpatrick; Duncan Barnes, Jule Campbell, Peggy Downey, Gay Flood, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Knight, Patricia Ryan, Morton Sharnik, Paul R. Stewart, Herman Weiskopf, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Mary Snow, Julia Lamb, Felicia Lee, Torbert MacDonald, Rose Mary Mechem, Mark Mulvoy, Judy Murphy, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pileggi, Gary Ronberg, Lynn Simross, Anita Verschoth

Special Contributors: Charles Goren (*Cards*), Carleton Mitchell (*Yachting*), John O'Reilly (*Nature*), William F. Talbert (*Tennis*)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Francis A. Sullivan; COPY DESK, Beatrice Gottlieb (*Chief*), Jo Jac Bludworth, Betty DeMeester, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (*Assistant Directors*); William Bernstein, Brendan F. Mulvey, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vanderschmidt

Editorial Assistants: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephney

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Earl Burton; ASSISTANT, Eleanore Milosovic, *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier; *Atlanta*, Jim Minter, *Austin (Texas)*, Jimmy Banks; *Baltimore*, Walter Ward; *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty; *Bellingham (Wash.)*, Dolly Connelly, *Boston*, Leo Monahan, *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston, *Carson City (Nev.)*, Guy Shipler Jr.; *Charleston (S.C.)*, Warren Koon; *Charlotte (N.C.)*, Ronald Green; *Charlottesville (Va.)*, Chris Cramer, *Chicago*, William Furlong; *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton; *Columbus (Ohio)*, Kave Kessler; *Dallas, Fort Worth*, Wes Wise; *Denver*, Bob Bowie; *Des Moines*, Bill Bryson, *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir, *Greensboro (N.C.)*, Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg (Pa.)*, John P. Cowan; *Houston*, Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis*, George Moore, *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary, *Key West (Fla.)*, H. E. Day, *Las Vegas (Nev.)*, George King, *Lexington (Ky.)*, Larry Van Hoose; *Little Rock (Ark.)*, Orville Henry; *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin, *Louisville*, Larry Boeck; *Memphis*, Charles Gillespie; *Miami*, Edwin Pope, *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon; *Nashville*, George Barker; *New Orleans*, Peter Finney; *Oklahoma City*, Bob Dellinger, *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht, *Philadelphia*, Gene Moore; *Phoenix (Ariz.)*, Frank Guastelli, *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler, *Portland (Ore.)*, John White; *Providence*, John Hanlon, *San Antonio*, John Janes; *San Diego*, Al Couppee, *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum; *Seattle*, Emmett Watson; *South Bend (Ind.)*, Joe Doyle; *St. Louis*, Bob Morrison; *St. Petersburg (Fla.)*, Gordon Marston; *Syracuse (N.Y.)*, William Clark; *Tallahassee (Fla.)*, Bill McGrotha, *Waco (Texas)*, Dave Campbell, *Washington, D.C.*, Martie Zad; *Winston-Salem (N.C.)*, Mal Mallette

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel, *Ottawa*, Gordon Dewar, *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Foreign Bureaus: CHIEF, Richard M. Clurman; DEPUTY, John Boyle

Publisher: Sidney L. James
Associate Publisher: Garry Valk
Advertising Sales Director: Robert C. Brinker
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowin



Built for performance . . . Falcon Deluxe Club Wagon . . . with Budd-built body parts

The 1965 Falcon Club Wagon is built for maximum performance. Capable of carrying up to 8 passengers, more than 190 cubic feet of cargo, it combines maximum capacity with compact maneuverability. It is but one of the 28 leading American cars for which Budd supplies quality parts. Budd Automotive products include . . . Fenders • Hoods • Roofs • Doors • Body Panels • Frames • Wheels • Rims • Hubs • Drums • Disc and Drum Brakes.

Budd

Detroit, Mich. 48215

"An equal opportunity employer"



ACTUAL SIZE Ask to listen to STANDARD's Micronic Ruby Model SR-Q460F

"Listen to what I got!"

For her birthday . . . or her wedding anniversary, at an engagement party, as a vacation going-away present, for graduation, as a wedding gift, a bridge or bowling prize.

Anyone you know is bound to be overjoyed to get the *world's tiniest radio* playing *both* FM and AM. One of 8 models of STANDARD'S Micronic Ruby . . . a serious, scientific marvel of micro-miniaturization and precision engineering.

Smaller than a pack of cigarettes yet with sensitive station tuning, clear tone, room-size or ear-size volume. *Only* in your city's better stores, under written warranty . . . $49.95.

STANDARD RADIO CORP.

410 East 62nd Street, New York 10021 • 1300 West Olympic Boulevard Los Angeles

SHOPWALK

Time stands still for a Swiss-made timepiece from Heuer of Manhatten

The delicate instruments needed for precision timing in various sports are in abundant supply at the Heuer Timer Corporation of 441 Lexington Ave., New York. Heuer (rhymes with lawyer) is the U.S. representative of the Heuer-Leonidas company of Biel-Bienne, Switzerland, a manufacturer of precision timepieces since 1860. The Swiss factory where the Heuer timers and chronographs are made employs more than 130 specialists in these mechanisms. The complete line includes 1/5- to 1/100-second timers for sports, and for medical and industrial uses, pocket and wrist chronographs, and dashboard instruments for auto-rally enthusiasts. All Heuer timers have jeweled movements, unbreakable mainsprings, and are antimagnetic.

A timer does not tell the time of day, of course; it is designed to run for only a few hours without rewinding. A large central hand moves forward at the rate of 1/5, 1/10, 1/50 or 1/100 second, and a smaller hand records up to 30 or 60 minutes. The hands can be started, stopped and returned to zero.

Five other timers are strictly for yachtsmen. The Century model is the only waterproof yacht timer on the market. It was used by both Americans and Australians at the America's Cup races in 1964. It has a large color-coded central five-minute register, and comes complete with white nylon strap and neck cord for $49.50.

A chronograph is a watch that tells the time in hours, minutes and seconds, and is also equipped to allow continuous or intermittent timings accurate to 1/5 second and lasting from a fraction of a second up to a maximum of 12 hours. It may also have an additional scale calibrated in 100ths of a minute to express times in decimals, and a tachometric scale to determine the average speed of a vehicle tested over a certain distance. An excellent chronograph is the No. 11202 for $150, which comes with a leather carrying case for $21.50.

The Autavia 12 wrist chronograph is handy for both sky diver and skin diver. Cased in stainless steel, it is guaranteed to function correctly at altitudes up to 35,000 feet and in depths of 330 feet underwater. It costs $119.50. Heuer also sells a variety of dashboard instruments, all with seven jewels, luminous dials and hands, and running time of 24 hours. A double combination, the Rally Master at $119.50, consists of a Master-Time clock for time of day and total elapsed time, and the Monte-Carlo for time of trip or elapsed time during a lap. The 10% federal tax is not included in the above prices.

—FELICIA LEE

Mrs. Paul Newman loves 'That Man'



'That Man' by Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE AND AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.

ALSO SPRAY-DEODORANT SODY TALC, SOAP, TALC, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

What do other T-shirts have that a *Jockey*® T-shirt doesn't?

(Shrinking, stretching, sagging, bagging)



Jockey® T-shirts are *Power-Knit*® to keep their fit

Unlike some T-shirts, Jockey T-shirts are made to keep their fit in every way. It's more than not shrinking. It's not stretching, not bagging, not sagging. Nothing droops, nothing binds. Not the reinforced Seamfree® collar. Not the sleeves. Not the extra-long tail.

Only Jockey T-shirts are Power-Knit. Knit with extra yarn for greater strength, absorbency and comfort. Knit to guarantee you a perfect fit, wash after wash after wash. You can't beat them at any price. Yet a Jockey T-shirt is only $1.50, a 3-pack is $4.39.

JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN—A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.

Jockey® MENSWEAR

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy!

We put 17 jewels into our $14.95 Vantage man's watch.

(One of our competitors puts in 7 for that price; the other puts in 3.)

How else can we make a name for ourselves?

Ask any jeweler about the $14.95 man's watch situation. Go ahead, ask him.

He'll tell you we're a new watch line with almost every kind of man's and woman's watch you can think of. Good watches. Jewelers' quality watches. Only trouble is, not enough people know about us yet.

We figure we have to make a name for ourselves.

One way to do that is to put 17 jewels into this watch and still only charge $14.95. If you want the accuracy and durability that a 17 jewel watch gives you, we have it.

When a watch is going to tick 157,680,000 times a year, we think we ought to spend everything we can making sure it ticks on the dot.

That's why we also make it antimagnetic and shock-resistant.

And that's why we put in jewels like we do. Not just 7 jewels, but a complete 17 to protect the works. Help keep them from wearing out. Keep them accurate longer.

How else can we make a name for ourselves?

VANTAGE

EAST PETERSBURG, PA.

THE JEWELERS' QUALITY WATCH.



Lay into layer on layer of power. Drive Wilson Strata-Bloc woods.



SWING a Wilson Strata-Bloc® wood and you turn on the kind of smashing power that cuts a fairway down to size. Strata-Bloc directs layer on layer of tough end-grains of wood against the ball for the kind of power you just can't get with ordinary woods. (The unfinished club head shows you how it's done.) Strata-Bloc woods improve your accuracy, too, because they don't warp, split or swell out of shape, can't cause shots to go astray. Step up to Strata-Bloc—just one of the powerful reasons for playing new 1965 Wilson Staff® woods and irons.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. (Chicago)
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

AMERICAN—COMPACT ECONOMY KING • CLASSIC—NEW INTERMEDIATE SIZE RAMBLER • AMBASSADOR—LARGEST, FINEST NEW RAMBLER • MARLIN—LUXURY SPORTS FASTBACK



If you're out for fun, try this number: Rambler American 440

Forget that it's the lowest-priced U.S. convertible.* Forget that it's the Economy King. If you like your action and excitement unlimited, but don't mind saving money, you're the one the American was made for. You can dress it up, sport it up, power it up to your adventurous heart's content, including the Torque Command "232" engine and reclining bucket seats. Dial your Rambler dealer now for a drive.
American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

Rambler American



* Based on comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

Rambler American 440-H Hardtop

REAL SWINGERS

Look. We caught golf pro Jack Burke, Jr. giving swinging lessons to a fellow you may know. He sings a little. Notice they are both wearing the absolute latest—the first s-t-r-e-t-c-h golf shirt in knit. Munsingwear developed it. Calls it Texspand. Man, it moves with you like your skin. Try it. A real swinging shirt. Style 2845. $5

JACKIE'S FRIEND IS EMPLOYED ON THE BING CROSBY SHOW EVERY MONDAY NIGHT, 9.30 P.M., E.D.T., OVER ABC-TV.



MAVERICK.



"Stick with the rest
of the wagons," they said.

But we moseyed off the
beaten path and built
an insurance company
that's one of a kind.

Instead of sitting on our status quo,
we keep trying to make quality protection easier to buy—
by cutting waste motion and red tape.

Not too surprisingly, fast, fair claim service is part
of the bargain.

Today, we offer good, honest values in Life, Auto, Health and
Homeowners protection—Business, too.

And 7 million people trust Allstate with all or part of their insurance.

Their number keeps growing because as new policyholders
sign on, old ones stay on, year after year after year.

Lots of them call us a maverick.

But they smile when they say that, pardner.

And so do we.



**You're in good hands with ALLSTATE—
where people come for value and stay for service.**

Allstate® Insurance Companies—Founded by Sears

Now, on Sunday...

No need to wait until evening to call Long Distance.

Lowest rates on many calls are in effect all day Sunday!

What better time to phone your family than Sunday, the day that belongs to families? Lowest rates on calls between states are in effect **all day Sunday. There's no longer any need to wait until evening to enjoy lowest Long Distance rates on many calls.** On Sunday, you can call anywhere in the continental U. S. (except Alaska) for $1 or less.* Why not take advantage of the new lower rates, any time this Sunday? You can share news, hear a special voice, and stay close to those you love. And you'll agree that Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

LOOK HOW LOW RATES ARE ALL DAY SUNDAY

	Monday-Friday 4:30 a.m.-5 p.m. (day rate)	Saturday 4:30 a.m.-8 p.m. Monday-Friday 6 p.m.-8 p.m. (evening rate)	Sunday any time Monday-Saturday 8 p.m.-4:30 a.m. (night rate)
New York to Seattle	$2.00	$1.50	$1.00
Cincinnati to Denver	$1.55	$1.10	$.80
Philadelphia to St. Louis	$1.45	$1.05	$.75
Chicago to Atlanta	$1.35	$.95	$.65
Boston to Richmond	$1.20	$.85	$.65
Washington to New York	$.80	$.60**	$.60**

*Three-minute, station-to-station interstate rates. Add 10% Federal excise tax.

**Note: There is no difference between evening and night rates on interstate calls less than 221 miles.

Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies



Take it easy

What weighs 43 pounds? . . . Puts out 5 horsepower? . . . Gets lost in the trunk of a compact car? . . . Cuts the price of fish?

It's Evinrude's brand new Angler.

Compact. Lightweight. Easy to take in a car trunk, airplane, or camp trailer. Makes a nice round-trip ticket for sailors.

Easy to take at its low price, too.

We eliminated the gearshift for economy. But who needs it? The Angler swivels 360°. Just aim it where you want to go.

It goes 7 hours at full throttle on a 6-gallon tank. One reason for its long range is its improved combustion chamber design. Spark plugs, set at an angle, fire more efficiently. Combined with Evinrude's lean 50 to 1 gas-oil mix, they run cleaner, last longer. It's a smooth troller.

Enjoy fishing wherever you travel. Take it easy with an easy-to-take Angler.

See the Angler at your Evinrude dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. Free catalog. Write Evinrude Motors, 4034 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

EVINRUDE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53216

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION



100 Pipers from Scotland

How Seagram combined the best of the world's great Scotches. It took almost a generation to get this idea into a bottle. But then, it was a pretty ambitious idea.

Every great Scotch is built around a few very rare whiskies, with perhaps 20 others in "supporting roles."

What if we could get these key whiskies (the heart of the world's best Scotches) and combine them in one new Scotch?

We started after the war. And it took until now to get everything we wanted for 100 Pipers.

Rich Islay whiskies. Smooth whiskies from Falkirk and Campbeltown. Mellow Keith whisky, and the fragile whisky of Speyside.

We built a library of 50 whiskies and then tried them in 517 different blends. The last blend used 30 of these and became 100 Pipers.

So if you've ever wondered what the best of Scotland would be like, all in one bottle, you're about to find out.



SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

SCORECARD

THE GUESSING GAME

NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle started the game last week with an announcement that his league will add two new teams by 1967. AFL Commissioner Joe Foss leaped in with a statement that his league will add two teams in 1966 and two more in 1968. The game, of course, is to guess which cities will get all those new pro football teams. About the only town not mentioned is Red River, N. Mex., because it is hard to play football on the side of a mountain.

Both leagues would like to move into Atlanta, where a new stadium awaits. One NFL owner feels his league has Atlanta sewed up, despite that city's prominence in AFL discussions. The other new NFL city probably will be Houston, New Orleans or Seattle. In the case of Houston—the leading contender after Atlanta—there is an occurrence that may be more than coincidence. The Houston Oilers of the AFL balked at rental demands made by Judge Roy Hofheinz for the Astrodome and have signed a five-year contract to play at Rice Stadium. That leaves the Astrodome open for the NFL and, as the baseball Astros have proved, whoever plays in the dome plays before large crowds.

The AFL, on the other hand, is talking about moving into Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland or Detroit, all of which already have NFL teams, and Atlanta, New Orleans, Miami and Seattle. One thing the expansion talk has done is shove aside rumors that the two leagues might merge. Ralph Wilson, owner of the AFL's Buffalo Bills, told the *Buffalo Evening News* that the leagues were "on the one-yard line" in merger negotiations, but the NFL's insistence on indemnity payments killed the deal. "Now," said Dallas Cowboys Owner Clint Murchison Jr., "we're farther from a merger than we were in 1960." And so the guessing game goes on.

THE PERILS OF PAR

Golfers take heed. Accidents on the fairways, which reached a high of 18,000 in 1962, then leveled off, seem to be on the increase again. The following advice, from the Institute for Safer Living, is published in the interest of those golfers who would like to play without being carried off on their shields:

Look out for flying golf balls. About 10,000 players, caddies and groundskeepers are hit by balls in a year, and another 1,600 are struck down by clubs.

Take it easy and do not fight the elements. Lightning, commonly considered a major risk, only fells about 500 golfers a year, but heat prostration gets about 2,000 and overexertion another 1,200.

And be careful with those dang fool golf carts. They are a growing menace. Before the year is done about 1,500 golfers will overturn carts, fall out of them or be run down by them.

REWARD OFFERED

For years the brewing industry has brooded over the public relations implications of beer cans and bottles littering roadsides, picnic grounds, beaches and the banks of streams. By association beer has been blamed for what the heedless beer drinker has been doing.

Colorado's Adolph Coors Company has been doing something about it. Since 1959 it has been offering 1¢ for the return of each discarded aluminum can or bottle used to hold its beer. The drive has been so successful that return of cans is running 85% of those sold and bottle returns have hit 75%. Coors officials expect to buy back 35 million cans and bottles this year in their war against litterbugging.

HELP WANTED: MALE

The Newfoundland Wildlife Department had a problem on its hands. The 100 square miles of lonely Fogo Island, off the east coast of Newfoundland, seemed to be perfect moose habitat, but somehow the scanty moose population was not growing. A month ago biologists were dispatched to Fogo to find out why, and in no time at all they had the answer: all the moose on the island were females.

Apparently, in a recent bitter winter, cow moose trooped over ice from the mainland to Fogo, but bulls were reluctant to follow. The Newfoundland wildlifers have now corrected the imbalance. Last week a young bull moose, dangling in a sling, was airlifted by helicopter from St. John's and set down on Fogo. At first the young bull kept rushing back to the helicopter, but when rocks were thrown at him, he finally ambled off into the brush. Hopefully, he is now somewhere within bellowing distance of the lovelorn.

QUEEN IN CHECK

Back in the good old carefree days of the 5¢ beer and the two-ocean navy, a beauty contest usually was won by the most beautiful girl in a bathing suit. Life was that simple. Today, to become a beauty queen a girl must also be able to sing, folk dance, finger-paint, recite free verse or otherwise prove there is more to her than fills a bathing suit. Darlee Hassmann of San Diego, a pretty, blue-eyed blonde, who measures 36-23-36, is one of those girls who could win a contest under the old rules or the new. In the finals of the Miss San Diego contest, Darlee's 11 rivals did the usual things: they tap-danced, read dramatic parts, twirled batons and such as that. For her



talent act Darlee threw her 175-pound judo instructor, Al Holtmann, around the stage. Her *seoi-nage* (over-shoulder throw) and her *o-uchi-gari* (violent back throw) brought oohs and ahs from the audience. There is no doubt that Darlee deserves a crack at the Miss America title in Atlantic City this fall but, alas, she may not get it. Darlee must first win

continued

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.

The extra years are on the house!



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. © McK&R, 1965



Quaker State your car—
to keep it running young.

QUAKER STATE
ENGINE LIFE PRESERVER

The secret of youth for your car's engine is just this simple. Keep it on a diet of Quaker State Motor Oil. Quaker State is made only from 100% pure Pennsylvania—the world's most costly crude oil. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop, saves you money. Ask for Quaker State by name—your best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

her state crown, and the California officials have ruled that she cannot wrestle onstage. Darlee plans to try anyhow, substituting a dramatic reading from *Cyrano de Bergerac*, but her heart really isn't in it.

THE MOTORIZED MORAL

After every Indianapolis 500, there are enough untold stories around to last until the next year. One from this year's race has the stern stuff of which Bible Belt sermons are made, and we introduce it here as proof that even in auto racing there will always be a moral.

It was two days before the race. There was Rufus Parnelli Jones angry over the way his race car was handling, gloomy over his chances in the big race. He had crashed in practice and smashed the car, had suffered a hairline fracture in his neck; and had been grouchy with his mechanics. While he was driving home, on the radio a local preacher was sermonizing, and Jones began to half listen. "Sometimes the reason things don't work," the preacher said, "is because you have a negative attitude. Take a positive approach. It will solve your problems."

Back to Gasoline Alley went Jones. He apologized to his crew for his curtness and told them of the sermon. And as one of the mechanics said, "By damn, we've tried about everything else; we might as well give her a little positive thinking." The gloom lifted.

As everyone knows by now, Parnelli raced into second place and a prize of $64,661. On the last lap he roared past the stands, grimly fighting a car that seemed to be bursting out of control. "Two morals here," explained Jones back in the garage. "You got to think positively. And when your car is running out of gas, you got to *positively* yank that blanker back and forth to slosh the remaining few drops into the engine."

THE WIN POOL

Thoroughbred trainers are generally agreed that the massaging action of water is good for a horse's legs. Now thanks to a California trainer, Jack Clifford, and a swimming-pool contractor, Bill Kirkpatrick, there is a whirlpool bath for Thoroughbreds.

The bath, called the Winner-Whirl, is an outsize version of the hydrotherapy machines used by humans, except that there are 12 water jets in all, each aimed at a trouble spot on a horse's legs. Clif-

ford has just finished testing the Winner-Whirl at San Francisco's Golden Gate Fields, a venue that attracts an ample supply of listless 3-year-olds and ancient claimers. In his first three times out after a few baths, Banco II, a 9-year-old claimer, got a win, a fourth and a second. A bad-acting 10-year-old, Blue G, unplaced in four months, came back with two seconds and a fourth. Among the 29 horses that were whirlpooled, there were, of course, some who disappointed. King's Patty, a 3-year-old also-ran, took 24 baths and apparently got nothing from it but clean legs.

Co-inventor Clifford does not claim that Winner-Whirl is a miracle machine. He has been in the game long enough to know that with horses it is blood, not water, that counts.

RACING AROUND THE CALENDAR

Having extended harness racing so that it now covers all but three weeks of the year, New York State legislators are now considering adding to the current 234 days of Thoroughbred racing.

There are already so many days of racing in New York that it is impossible for tracks to get enough respectable horses in the beginning and at the end of the season. These extensions will, we predict, result not only in a poorer quality of racing but in danger to jockeys and drivers, and discomforts for bettors. But it is the gluttony of the tax collector that regulates the game. If Herodotus were a New York racing fan, he might have written: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night can stay these bureaucrats in the swift extension of their greedy hands."

A SAILING YARN

The history of the America's Cup has been one of monotonous success. The defender of the cup, the New York Yacht Club, has loosely interpreted the rules from time to time, giving some misbegotten challengers a break so that the races would have a semblance of competitive equality. But now, faced with a second challenge from Australia, the club has gotten tough, placing an even stricter interpretation on the original rule that requires a challenging yacht to be constructed in its native country. As the NYYC now interprets it, a challenger may not even use a basic American-made material such as Dacron, the synthetic fiber from which the best sails are made. It would take the Australians almost as long to duplicate and weave

continued





Fly ball.

From core to windings to cover, the Spalding Black Dot strains to stay airborne longer. Depend on it for extra yardage. And enjoy the kind of distance that entitles you to long, nonstop walks down the fairway. Play the ball that was born to fly. Look for the box with the bird on it.

Sold only through golf professional shops

SPALDING®

A. G. Spalding & Bros. Inc., Chicopee, Massachusetts

父
Padre
Vater!
Père
פאָטער
Dad

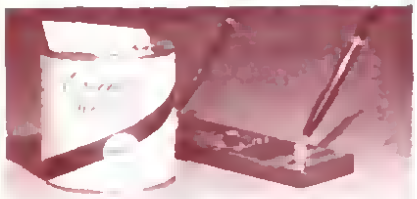
Call him what you will . . . but delight him with a tin of fine tobacco for Father's Day (June 20)



Favorite of seasoned pipe smokers in 70 countries.



Famous aroma men relish and women welcome, too



Supreme flavor, aroma with no added aromatics.



Outdoor flavor and aroma of Sweet Birch Southern.



Peach Brandy Flavor New pleasure breakthrough

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC.
Richmond, Virginia
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

Edgeworth

Dacron properly as it would to grow their ship's timbers from seedlings. On this one technicality alone, the Aussies' chances are truly dim.

Sir Frank Packer, who heads the Australian challenge, does not object at all to the NYYC's overall interpretation, but he does feel the embargo on materials like Dacron is unreasonable. He points out that "the textile industry in America is far more advanced than in pastoral Australia [which grows sheep, not synthetics]. The limitation on Dacron gives America a great advantage unrelated to the skills of designing, building, sail-cutting and crewing. The fate of the America's Cup rests not on sailors, or even sails, but solely on industrial technology." The way Sir Frank sees it, a yacht race should not be won in a test tube.

We second Sir Frank's very logical notions.

SUSQUEHANNA SAUSAGE

A dam spanning a river often is a thing of beauty, a testimonial to the ingenuity of man. About two years from now, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, the waters of the twisting Susquehanna River will be impounded by one of the ugliest dams you ever saw. When completed, it will look like a giant strand of sausage. In essence the Susquehanna dam will be composed of inflatable sections of coated fabric which, when fully inflated, will back up 3,000 acres of water for boating, fishing, swimming and water skiing.

There is a possibility that the local population of muskrats, accustomed to having their own way around the river, might gnaw at the sausage sections, but the engineers are not worried on that count. It is a tough fabric. Bullets bounce off it, and it will take a lot of gnawing.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Myers, assistant coach of the Dallas Cowboys, discussing pass protection: "We specialized in the Look Out Block last year. The tackle raises up and says, 'Look out, here he comes.' "

• Barbara Romack, on being named president of the Ladies Professional Golf Association: "It's the second time I have ever been president of anything. The other was when I was the president of the Sacramento Junior Golf Club. Thirty-five boys and one girl—me. We didn't get much business done but we had great meetings." **END**



You'll get added distance with my new woods.
why?

I've designed my new Woods to fit any lie. Whether you're on the tee, on uphill or downhill slopes, in fairway turf, or in low or bare spots, you will meet the ball with your *full* power, giving you plus yardage with new ease of play.

Take a few practice swings with these new Woods at your Pro Shop. You'll never play without them.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY
A DIVISION OF AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
308 W. Pollard Street, Fort Worth, Texas



Today's thirst puts gusto first.
Look for the special displays during...

real gusto days

Schlitz



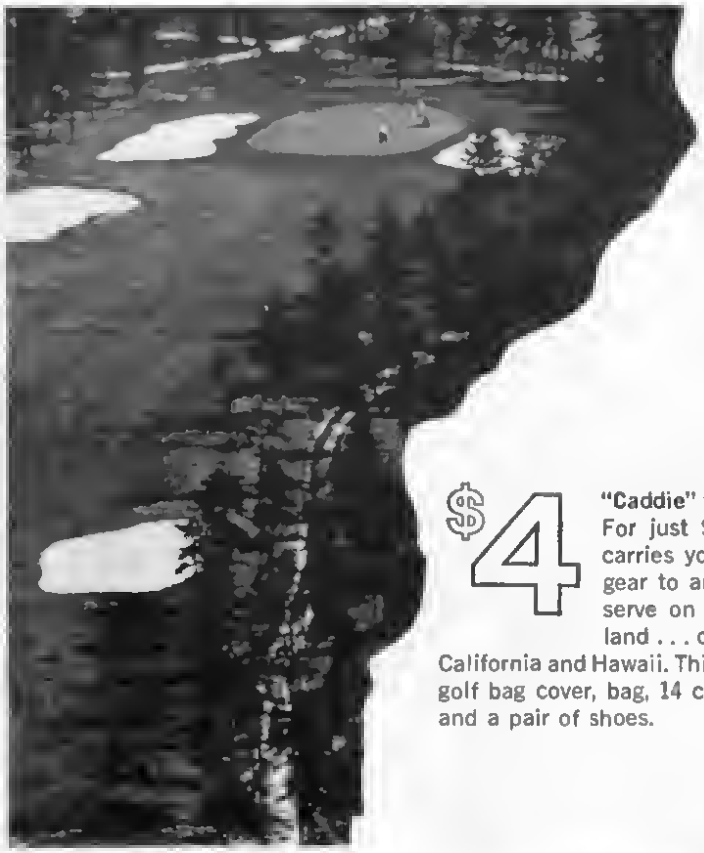
four great Jantzen golf shirts worn by one great golfer and three friends

Is the great golfer really Bob Cousy (right), who insists on autographing golf balls because he has what he calls a negotiable handicap? Or is the great golfer Paul Hornung (in the bone olive half turtle) or Frank Gifford (in red)? Obviously, the man in blue is the one. Dave Marr, the superb professional, wears the authentic Jantzen International Sports Club golf shirt of 100 percent cotton mesh, by **Beaunit**, about $5.95. Cousy has on the **Beaunit** mesh knit hiprider shirt, about $6.95. Hornung's **Beaunit** half turtle is about $5.00. Gifford's is about $5.95. All golf shirts are designed for freedom in the shoulders. All colors coordinate with Jantzen golf walkers and slacks. Recognize the Jantzen gold crest? Photographed by Tom Kelley near the Western International Caleta Hotel in Acapulco.

Jantzen
International
sports club

sportswear for sportsmen

You've got the world's best "caddie" when you fly United!



Good knowledge of the "course." United points the way to more business and vacation areas than any other airline . . . can set you down close to many of the finest golf courses in the country. More often than not, you can tee off the same day you take off with United.



$4 **"Caddie" fee.** For just $4, United carries your golfing gear to any city we serve on the Mainland . . . or between California and Hawaii. This includes golf bag cover, bag, 14 clubs, balls and a pair of shoes.



Traveling locker room. To carry (and protect) your equipment, United offers you a choice of golf bag covers in three styles—all handsome, tough, lightweight—made for us by Wilson Sporting Goods Co. There's the regular size at $7.50 (red or white) and the pro size at $8.50 (blue) made for jumbo bags. Order by sending check or money order (payable to United Air Lines) to: Golf Bag Cover, United Air Lines, Dept. SI-6, P.O. Box 8800, Chicago, Illinois 60666.

Wide choice of starting times. For reservations, just give United a call or see your helpful Travel Agent.

UNITED

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

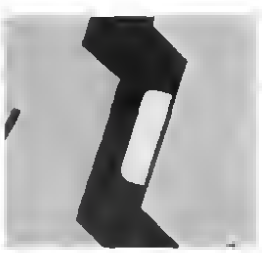
WELCOME ABOARD!

United co-sponsors the live NBC telecast of the U.S. Open, Saturday, June 19, 5 to 6 p.m., and Sunday, June 20, 4:30 to 6:30 p.m., EDT. Don't miss it!

ARMSTRONG
THE SAFE TIRE



Grips the road to save your life as no other tire can!



This "Ounce of Prevention" can save your life.

Only Armstrong Tires have patented Safety Discs between the tread ribs. No matter how hard you brake, these discs keep the tread open — always ready to *grip* the road to help prevent deadly skids. You can't buy a better tire, to save your life. And it costs no more! So get Armstrong, The Safe Tire. See your Armstrong dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages.

The Armstrong Rubber Company, West Haven Conn. • Des Moines Iowa • Natchez, Miss. • Hanford Calif.



The mechanics of destiny

Time relentlessly builds your threat of risk. Each year thousands of waiting men and women find they can no longer qualify physically for the life insurance they need. A day, a week, a year of delay can be a day, a week, a year too long.

Procrastination is the highest cost of life insurance. It increases both your premium and your risk.

THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

JOHN A. LLOYD, PRESIDENT • A MUTUAL COMPANY • FOUNDED 1867 • CINCINNATI

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 14, 1965

THE NEGRO ATHLETE IS INVITED HOME

Portending a shift in the balance of power in college sports, the Southeastern Conference voids its gentleman's agreement on segregation while other southern schools step up their recruiting of Negroes **by FRANK DEFORD**

West Virginia and Wake Forest recruiters were battling last week over an All-America junior-college basketball player, Trinity University of San Antonio signed a home-town track whiz, and TCU a basketball star from three miles away. Only the piddling matter of grades delayed Miami (Fla.) from enrolling a high school runner who can do the hundred in 9.6. And Kentucky, the frequent capital of college basketball, was falling all over itself trying to persuade a 6-foot-3 high school All-America named Alfred (Butch) Beard to matriculate at Lexington instead of at the University of Louisville.

This is all quite routine for this time of year, college officials having a fond place in their hearts and their physical education departments for All-Americas and kids who can do 9.6. What is not routine is that every youngster on this list is a Negro, and the list could be considerably expanded. Southern schools have started recruiting southern Negro athletes in earnest, and what was really just a trickle this high school graduation time will be a flood next year. "It could change like zip," Basketball Coach Bones McKinney of Wake Forest says. "In three years Negro basketball players could be as important to the Atlantic Coast Conference as they are now to the Missouri Valley." (The ACC includes such schools as Virginia, Duke, South Carolina and North Carolina, which do not recruit Negroes.)

For decades the 12 schools in the Southeastern Conference have had a gentleman's agreement not to field Negro athletes. Kentucky's pursuit of Beard means that the SEC has a new gentleman's agreement to forget the old one and thus the last major-conference color bar has quietly fallen. This does not mean that every southern school is out chasing Negro athletes. But the pressure on those that are holding out for sporting segregation is likely to become irresistible as soon as they are regularly whupped by their integrated neighbors.

The process is going to speed up quickly in the Southern Conference after next winter. There will be four Negro sophomores on the West Virginia basketball team—one, Ron Williams, is a potential All-America—and they should help bring the Southern Conference title back to West Virginia. Maryland and Wake Forest will be providing object lessons in the Atlantic Coast Conference, and SMU and TCU in the Southwest. The whole SWC has given up the ghost of segregation. TCU signed the league's first Negro basketball player, James Cash, last week, but nearly all conference schools had tried to recruit him. Southern Methodist signed the Southwest's first Negro football player, Jerry Levias, the week before.

The consequences of all this will reach far beyond Dixie. No longer can northern recruiters, their carpetbags loaded with grants-in-aid, expect to hop on a big ole Delta jet and come right on back, you hear, with a Walter Bellamy, a Bobby Bell or a Dave Stallworth. In the future, southern Negro youngsters are going to find it easy to stay close to home. Butch

Honor student Butch Beard, at high school graduation, was center of recruiting war



Beard never even considered any northern schools. His case is perhaps most significant because the SEC includes those symbolic bulwarks of the way that was, Alabama and Mississippi. These schools are now committed to a rotating SEC football schedule, which means, effectively, a policy of playing all comers, white or black, and this will make it extremely difficult to argue against playing schools with Negroes outside of their league.

Realists may claim that the reason Kentucky was first in the SEC to attempt to recruit a Negro was simply to maintain its status in basketball. But it is also true that the governor of the state, Edward Breathitt, and the president of the university, Dr. John W. Oswald, have long been plumping for Negro athletes, and the university has been integrated since 1949. Integration in athletics, however, has lagged. It is only in the past couple of years that Kentucky has paid even lip service to the idea of recruiting Negroes who could qualify, in the NCAA's lexicon, as "student-athletes." If Butch Beard had gone to Kentucky, he would have been the first Negro student-athlete in the SEC, but he would not have been the first Negro student, and not even the first Negro athlete. That honor belongs to Steve Martin, a freshman baseball player at Tulane, who is almost certain to play on the varsity next year—Tulane's last in the SEC. But Martin is attending Tulane on an *academic* scholarship, so the SEC is still waiting, really, for its first actual (recruited) Negro athlete.

As Kentucky and Louisville, the only two universities in the state, fought over Beard's services, nearly everyone took sides from the governor on down. There was some irony in the spectacle of the strange bedfellows such a confused struggle can make. Beard's aunt, Mrs William McCallum, wife of a Chicago minister and a firm civil rights advocate, flew to the scene to advise her nephew. Possibly because she felt Kentucky was a better school academically for Butch, possibly because she would have been proud to see him break the SEC's color line, she soon found herself in the same camp as the longtime lily-white Kentucky athletic department. "Butch," she said, "has the maturity and the gracious manner to make himself acceptable anywhere. He is one of those youngsters, out of a great many others, who has the nature to make an outstanding record. He wouldn't be hard put to find a place at the University of Kentucky. He's going to have his problems racially, but there is no point in making him afraid or putting him on the defensive."

Beard could have been that SEC pioneer had Kentucky—and particularly Coach Adolph Rupp—acted earlier. Not until after Beard had signed a letter of intent to go to Louisville (a fact that he was keeping secret) did Rupp convince him that the school really wanted Negro athletes. This almost made him change his mind. For reasons of his own he had chosen Louisville, but he realized that if he went to Kentucky he would, in a way, be opening up all 12 SEC schools to other Negroes. And there were more mundane factors influencing him, the kind of heartless pressures that have, unfortunately, become part and parcel of big-time recruiting.

In fact, Louisville could not have released Butch had it wanted to; only Missouri Valley Conference Commissioner Norvall Neve had that power, and Neve stood pat in defense of the letter-of-intent principle. "If we don't stick by our guns in this case," he said, "we might as well throw the whole machinery on the scrap heap, because it will simply break down."

There was, too, only conflicting evidence that Beard actively sought the role of the SEC's Jackie Robinson. He is a bright young man, a National Honor Society member and a natural leader. Last week, at his graduation from Breckinridge County High School in Hardinsburg, he was voted the Rotary Club's Citizenship Award by his mostly white schoolmates. Nevertheless, the relentless pressures of recruiting confused him so much that his principal, R. F. Peters, said that Butch "appeared to be almost at the breaking point." His mother became so upset that one day she went to the office of the doctor she works for and stayed there alone (it was his day off) to escape the turmoil surrounding her oldest son. Innuendo and gossip—never substantiated—nearly persuaded Butch that he had done something improper in signing with Louisville. Press conferences were called and broken without explanation. Intrigue split little Hardinsburg and reverberated across the Blue Grass.

Similar unhappy episodes have accompanied other steps forward in race relations. If the ruthless recruiting that engulfed Butch Beard was shameful, it may help eventually to erase an even more shameful condition in collegiate sport. The motives of the men involved in lifting the last barrier to Negro participation in college athletics may be purely pragmatic: they want their schools to be winners. But the results are nonetheless beneficial. Beard was recruited as an athlete and became, only incidentally, a Negro. Henceforth, on those terms, southern schools will recruit other southern Negroes. **END**

Letter of intent bound Beard to Louisville, but he almost changed his mind after signing it.

1965 INTER-CONFERENCE LETTER OF INTENT 1965

Do not sign prior to 8:00 A.M. (local time), May 20, 1965

Please read reverse side before completing and signing this form.

1. This copy to be retained by Conference institution.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify my decision to enroll at UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE (Name of Institution) in the fall of 1965

In making this certification I understand:

(1) That all members of the cooperating Conferences and institutions (listed on the reverse side of this letter) are obligated to respect my decision.

(2) That if I elect not to enroll in the above named institution and enroll in another institution which is a participant in this agreement, my athletic eligibility at the institution in which I enroll will be limited in accordance with the regulations outlined on the reverse side of this letter.

(3) That this letter will be rendered null and void if I am notified by the admissions officer of the institution named above that I have not met the requirements for admission to that institution in the fall of 1965.

SIGNED Alfred "Butch" Beard Jr. (Student) May 20, 1965 (Date) 2 01 (Time)

SIGNED Alfred Beard (Parent or Guardian) 5-20-65 (Date) 2 02 (Time)

HAIL TO ZELDA! HAIL TO BEN!

After three months of disappointing almosts, the Cohens' Hail to All turns up in blinkers and climaxes a busy $191,055 week by winning one of the most furiously contested Belmont Stakes ever run **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Getting beat is a bore, and two of the most bored people in all horse racing this year must have been Zelda and Ben Cohen. They own a strong, good-looking 3-year-old colt named Hail to All who won the Hibiscus at Hialeah back in February, making Jockey Johnny Sellers, Trainer Eddie Yowell and Cohen, who is the secretary-treasurer of Pimlico Race Course, quite happy.

After that, Hail to All ran on some auspicious occasions, like the Flamingo, the Florida Derby, the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and there was always a moment when it seemed he might win. Instead, he would finish second or third or even fifth, and the Cohens, good sports to the end, would bravely watch somebody else march down to the winner's circle to collect cups and checks and things, and they were very unhappy, and, if bored, excusably so. But last week Hail to All made it up to all. On Memorial Day, as a kind of $86,905 warmup, he took the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park. And then, on Saturday at Aqueduct, he ran one of the least boring races in years, surging to the front in the final quarter mile of a furious four-horse stretch fight to win the 97th running of the Belmont Stakes

Hail to All's success seemed to be a matter of getting the right man on his back and the right shades on his eyes. Like many a disgruntled owner hoping any change will help, Ben Cohen benched Jockey Sellers before the Kentucky Derby in favor of Manuel Ycaza. Never worse than third under Sellers, Hail to All finished fifth in the Derby. Back to work came Sellers.

"I felt real bad about being taken off the colt for the Derby," said Sellers, "but there was nothing much I could do about it, was there? The thing that annoyed me most was that I knew this was a really good horse, much better than he had yet showed us He often seemed to have a wandering mind, and he'd mess around, both in his works and in his races. It seemed he never gave his very best."

In the Preakness the pair finished third once again, behind Tom Rolfe and Dapper Dan, but Hail to All was hit in the eye at the start of that race—possibly by a shoe lost by Tom Rolfe—which might have both hurt and slowed him. The eye was swollen shut for two days after the race.

For the Jersey Derby, Trainer Yowell decided to try blinkers on Hail to All in the hope that it would help the colt keep his mind on what he was doing—and maybe even protect him from flying horseshoes. The result was a length-and-a-half win over an indifferent field, a performance that did not impress most insiders but did impress Sellers. "I don't care what they say about him," the jockey said, "he showed what he could do. He rates himself and he knows how to relax. Not once did he goof around. I have all the confidence in the world that he will be able to go a mile and a half in the Belmont Stakes."

There were, of course, some unconcealed guffaws when this word reached Aqueduct, where the Belmont—last of the Triple Crown races—has to be contested until the new Belmont track opens for business in 1968. The reason for the horsy laughs was that the Belmont, in the eyes of most experts, was to be a family affair; family, in that Tom Rolfe and Dapper Dan—who had battled each other so magnificently in the Derby and Preakness—are both sons of the Italian champion Ribot. And family, too, in that their respective owners, Raymond Guest and Ogden Phipps, are cousins. Hail to All was a logical and legitimate third choice, which is where the Phippses and the Guests and New York's racing traditionalists figured he would surely wind up.

Not so the Cohens and the hundreds of far less traditionally minded Baltimore fans who showed up to root home the Florida-bred and Maryland-owned Hail to All. "I would have liked to have won the Derby or the Preakness," Ben Cohen said to Zelda before the race, "but everybody knows the Belmont Stakes is the prestige race to win from a breeder's standpoint. It is the big one. I'd love to settle matters by winning the Belmont "

Hail to All did settle matters, in a race that was remarkable not only for its excitement but for the fact that it was so absolutely truly run—run exactly according to plan. No loser had the hint of an alibi or excuse. Beaten in the stretch were Tom Rolfe, by a short neck, pacesetter First Family and Dapper Dan. To defeat one of the sons of Ribot is one thing, but to beat two of them, at the classic distance of a mile and a half, is a rare accomplishment at a time when the Italian stallion is fast building a reputation for stamina in his progeny. Just the day before the Belmont, a Ribot filly, Jimmy Brady's Long Look, won the Epsom Oaks at the same demanding distance.

Pace obviously plays a most important role in any Belmont, and inasmuch as all three favorites prefer to lay off the pace rather than to set it, there was a natural question before the Belmont of who possibly might take the lead and, just as naturally, of who might try to get out in front and steal the whole thing. Dapper Dan's trainer, Bill Win-



Battling to the wire, Hail to All (second from left) beats Tom Rolfe (second from right), with First Family (rail) third and Dapper Dan fourth.

frey, took care of that problem by entering Dan's stablemate, Bold Bidder, and signing cagey Braulio Baeza for the specific purpose of speeding the field about its business.

Baeza did this job well, but he got some extraordinary assistance from the 40-to-1 shot, First Family, who tracked Bold Bidder and La Cima for the first half mile and then took over the lead. "He's been having splint trouble, and I didn't even want to run him," said Casey Hayes, who trains surprising First Family for Christopher Chenery, "but the hoss likes to run, so there we were suddenly on the lead turning for home. Amazing!"

Meanwhile, Jockey Ron Turcotte was exactly where he wanted to be with Tom Rolfe: fourth and running easily, with Hail to All fifth and Dapper Dan just behind him in sixth place. As they all worked their way up the backstretch, the crowd of 58,027 sensed a brilliant battle ahead; and when the Big Three neared the half-mile pole, a spontaneous roar went up. Two of the front runners were now through, but First Family definitely was not. Then, quickly, Tom Rolfe moved up on the turn to challenge him. Hail to All, just as promptly, went after him on the outside, and as these two fought to capture the lead from First Family on the rail, Milo Valenzuela hit the throttle with Dapper Dan. As the four passed the quarter pole, each colt straining to draw away from the others, their riders were almost knee to knee, like a well-drilled hunt team.

"When I started to roll around the turn," said Valenzuela, "I figured Dapper Dan would win by five. But by the time we reached the eighth pole he had pulled himself up, and I knew we were done." Down on the inside, Larry Adams had First Family gamely hanging on. "This colt likes this track, and all the way around I was hoping, just hoping," said Adams. "Even after we turned for home I had a little left. Down the lane I knew he was tiring, but he hung on wonderfully."

Between these two were Tom Rolfe, one horse out from the rail, and Hail to All. They dueled neck to neck, head to head, and nose to nose. Sellers, who later admitted, "I was concerned on the backside when we got up to within four lengths of the leaders, because I thought my horse might have been using himself up too soon," had hit Hail to All maybe a half-dozen times since entering the stretch. As the pair passed the eighth pole he seemed to have nearly a half-length lead. But Tom Rolfe had not given up. He dug in, running low-slung like Ribot used to, and 70 yards out he came charging on once more. It was too late, though, and Hail to All had a big win at last. First Family saved third, beaten only a length, and he led Dapper Dan by three-quarters. The winning time was a respectable 2 28 2 5, and the winning purse a respectable $104,150.

"After 10 tough races this year," said Ben Cohen, talking about Hail to All, "wouldn't you say he's entitled to some time off—at least a week!" Cohen did not look a bit bored any more. "With all this talk going on about sending a classic horse to Paris this fall for the Arc de Triomphe, maybe that's where we should go with Hail to All." Maybe so. It isn't a boring town. **END**

'It Is Something Special'

by Jack Nicklaus



The 1962 U.S. Open Champian—and the man who is favored to win again next week—analyzes the site of this year's Open, Bellerive Country Club in St. Louis. He discusses how this longest-ever Open course puts a great premium on power while at the same time its wiry rough makes accuracy vital, and he shows how to attack the course's hardest holes

© 1965 Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved

I had never seen Bellerive Country Club in St. Louis until one sunny day about four weeks ago when I arrived for my first practice round. I played the first couple of holes with a wood and a wedge and I figured well, it's nice. The fairways seem good and the greens are very large and in perfect shape, and it looks like a U.S. Open course ought to, but nothing to frighten anybody. And then I came to the par-3 3rd hole, and it is a little seven-iron with some water on the right that you kind of ignore. But when I got to the green I noticed that sections of it sloped rather sharply toward the water and that the water came right to the edge of the putting surface—a whole lot closer than it looked—and I sort of thought, hmmm.

And then I started having to hit long shots, and longer shots, and still longer shots, until finally I remember standing in the 9th fairway and turning to a USGA official who was walking with me and saying: "I have seen a lot of golf courses and a lot of different kinds of golf courses, but this is something special." "Yes, Jack," he answered, "and that was the easy nine." I have played Bellerive four more times since then, but I have not seen anything that would make me change my initial impression. Bellerive is special and, as a result, this year's Open is likely to be something special, too.

The problem is going to be the combination of distance and rough (*see cover*). As is the case with every U.S. Open, we are going to be asked to hit the ball straighter than at any other tournament. But we are also going to be asked to hit the ball as far as we ever have in our lives. Bellerive is the longest course the Open has ever been played on: 7,191 yards, par-70. Furthermore, a rare element has been added to the traditional gamut of Open challenges. For the first time since 1958, when the tournament was held at Southern Hills in Tulsa, we are going to be playing on Bermuda grass. Now, Bermuda grass makes very pleasant fairways; it is spongy underfoot and the ball sits up beautifully. But when you narrow the fairways, as the USGA does for the Open, you obviously are letting some of that Bermuda grass grow into rough, and Bermuda-grass rough has a way of meaning instant bogey.

Not for 13 years has the Open been played on a course as young as Bellerive. Located in rolling, wooded farmland about 20 miles west of downtown St. Louis, it was designed by Golf Architect Robert Trent Jones and opened for play in May 1960. (The club itself, however, is one of the oldest in the country, having been founded in 1897.) But its youth does not detract from its challenge. Far from it. Ditches and water come into play on 12 of the 18 holes, while trees are a definite threat on 16 of them. To further tighten the course, Trent Jones put in 20 fairway traps and 54 greenside traps. On six holes it is possible to hit shots out of bounds. In short, Bellerive would be a most satisfactory U.S. Open location even without the usual application of thumbscrews that the U.S. Golf Association always deems necessary for an Open course. Nonetheless, the USGA has narrowed the fairways down to 30 to 40 yards wide in the landing areas. There is likely to be thick rough alongside the fairways and around the greens. The greens themselves will be firm, hard to hold and very fast.

The Bermuda-grass rough, assuming it reaches its full growth by next week—and because of the late spring it just might not—will be a most difficult hazard. Given the same length and lushness, Bermuda rough is twice as hard to blast out of as bent grass: that is, two-inch Bermuda equals four-inch bent. What makes it so tough is that Bermuda's blades grow out of stalks, and the stalks lie on top of the ground. These grab and intertwine like vines, forming a tangled matting. To reach a ball that has settled down into this, the club head must rip through not only the blades of grass, but the thick stalks as well.

However, when the 1965 U.S. Open is over the spectators and players probably will not be talking about Bellerive's ditches, ponds, trees, traps or Bermuda, but about its awesome length. Bellerive is 140 yards longer than the longest previous Open course, Congressional in Washington, the site of last year's championship. There are 12 holes on the course that will demand all the length anyone in the field can muster—but not at a sacrifice of accuracy, mind you. These holes are the two par-5s, Nos. 8 and 17, the 16th, which is a par-3, and nine of the par-4s.

Thus, on two-thirds of the holes we will be concentrating desperately hard to keep the ball in play, while at the same time trying to achieve the seemingly contradictory goal of hitting the ball a mile. This may simply be asking too much of any golfer, and it raises the question of what the game of golf really should be, a game of power, touch and accuracy or a game of power, power, power? It is only my opinion, but I think that this year's U.S. Open course, as fine as it is, puts too much emphasis on power. I am what is known as a power hitter myself but, even so, I get very little joy out of having to kill the ball on every hole just to be able to reach the green with the next shot. Nor is such length necessary to make a golf course a demanding one. Augusta National is one of the world's great courses and yet it calls for power on only six of its holes. Merion is another example. Ben Hogan needed 287 shots to win the 1950 Open there, yet Merion has only one hole, the 18th, where the need for power predominates. Oakmont, the site of the 1962 Open, is considered a long course, but it has only six or seven holes where power off the tee is a must. The USGA has itself collected statistics that suggest the need for power has been overemphasized at Bellerive. When drives were measured on selected holes during the 1956 Open at Oak Hill in Rochester, the average length turned out to be 253 yards. Last year at Congressional the average drive measured 252 yards. So the pros are hitting tee shots no farther today than they

continued



The 5th, a 465-yard par-4, where the drive must be hit far to the left to avoid the dangerous pond at right.

U.S. Open *continued*

did back in 1956. Yet we are being asked to play a course that is 300 yards longer. Perhaps USGA officials will relent slightly by moving the tee markers up a bit at Bellerive. If they do not, and the prevailing wind blows from the south or southwest, a lot of the field is going to have an exhausting four days.

There are few weak holes at Bellerive, and the par-3s as a group are excellent, but there are four holes I would single out as the most critical. It is on these four, which are illustrated here, that the Open is likely to be won and lost. They are the long and tight 5th, a 465-yard par-4; the risky and narrow 8th, a 580-yard par-5; the very long 16th, a 218-yard par-3; and the superlong 17th, which is a 606-yard par-5.

I have not yet figured out how to play the 5th hole and perhaps I never will. I suspect it is a question of hitting and praying. It is doubly difficult because you come to it staggering a little from just having finished the 470-yard 4th hole, itself a monstrous par-4. What you are faced with off the tee on No. 5 is an out of bounds down the left side of the fairway and a pond that is decidedly in play 230 yards down the right. A tee shot that doesn't fly directly into the pond can always bounce into it because the fairway slopes sharply from left to right. The second shot is to a green that sits several feet above the fairway and behind a large sand trap. If there is no wind this shot is usually a long iron, but if that normal south or southwest wind is blowing it may take a wood to get home. Obviously, then, the tee shot must be hit hard, which means taking a terrible risk. Probably the best way to play the hole is to aim the drive down the left side, even though this means you are shooting straight at the out-of-bounds area and a two-stroke penalty. So, like I said, you hit and pray.

I believe I have decided how to play the 8th hole, a double-dogleg par-5, but it, too, is going to take some courage. The drive is the most important shot. The landing area is flanked by trees. Behind the trees on the right is a creek, on the left, a ditch. If you try to hit this narrow target with a three-wood, you still leave yourself an extremely hard second shot, because after a short drive there is no spot up ahead that looks safe. The creek on the right extends the entire length of the hole and it has cliff-like banks that present a Grand Canyon effect. There is a bunker located in the fairway about 50 yards short of the green on the left. It may sound risky, but the only way to play the hole is with a driver off the tee. The tee shot must be long enough to clear the left-hand corner of the trees and straight enough so that it does not bounce into the creek on the right. A good long drive will open up the hole nicely. A few players may reach this green in two if there is no wind against them, but whether you are trying to do this or not you still have to go for a big tee shot in order to play your second



The 8th, a 510-yard par-5, where you would play the tee shot safe if only there were a safe place to play it.

shot into the relatively wide area just short of the green.

What makes this hole especially important, even though it comes early in the round, is that it is one of the few birdie holes at Bellerive. In an Open you do not encounter too many birdie opportunities, and when you do you must try to take advantage of them. So a player in contention is going to have to take something of a chance off the 8th tee in order to set up a birdie possibility. I think there is no choice but to gamble. The result may be a birdie or a bogey—or worse.

The 16th is a key hole, not because it is particularly dangerous but because it is such a long par-3 and one that comes so late in the round. The contenders will confront it at a vital point on the final day. Length alone makes it a hard par, and it will be doubly hard if there is any wind at all. The main danger is simply missing the green. The tee shot will be hit, depending on the wind, with a wood or long iron, and the ball must carry all the way to the putting surface. There is a ravine in front of the green, and traps on both sides as well as in front. The putting surface is fast, and it slopes sharply from back to front. It is surrounded by a collar of rough that makes for exceedingly difficult chip shots if you miss the green. The winner will have to play this hole well. There won't be many 5s or 6s here, but there will be a lot of bogeys.

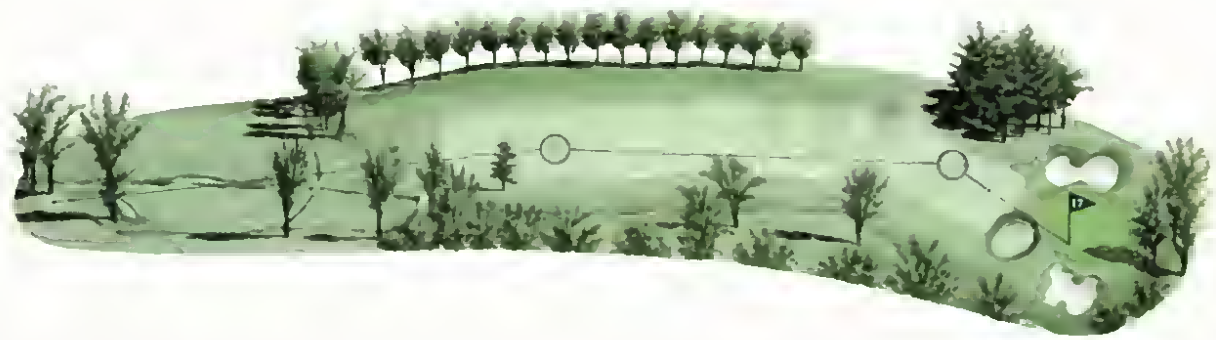
For spectators who get their thrills watching somebody else's disasters, the 17th hole is the place to be on Sunday. This is one of the toughest par-5s in golf. It is about a continent long, the fairway is narrow and bordered by trees and a creek runs the length of the right side. The green is trapped on both sides and cutting across the right front of the green is a large pond. This pond, even when the wind is blowing down the hole, makes it almost impossible to get home in two. Who wants to mess with a pond? The drive must be in the fairway and must be long. Missing the fairway to the right will put you in the creek. Missing to the left means rough or trees and the possibility of not being able to get the second shot anywhere near the green. Again we have the demanding combination of length and accuracy, for it is important that the third shot be nothing more than a short pitch. With the strong wind there is the possibility that this green can *almost* be reached in two shots. If the conditions



The 16th, a 218-yard par-3, where muscles matter.

are right I might go for it with a three-wood or a one-iron and hope to put the ball into the bunker at the left corner. A good explosion from there can set up the birdie. Coming out of a trap may be a hard way to get a birdie, but there is no easy way at Bellerive.

What kind of score is likely to win at Bellerive? I think a five-over-par 285 will be good enough. And who will play the course well? Given normal weather conditions I think those with the best chance are probably Arnold Palmer, Bill Casper, Tony Lema and Gary Player. Arnold, of course, after his frustrating experiences of the last three years, will be working extra hard to win his second Open. No one has played the Open as well as Palmer over the past three years, but all he has to show for it is two playoff defeats and a tie for fifth place. Casper has an excellent chance. He is a very straight driver and has just enough length for this course. But his big advantage will come on those vast, undulating greens, for, as we all know, he is an exceptional putter. Lema is also long and straight, and a good putter. Player is not as long, but he is a wonderful driver, and I feel he has one of the best all-round games on the tour. As for me, well, I don't like to predict my own chances. Certainly, the length of the course gives me an advantage. Two years ago I came into the U.S. Open, having won the Masters, and I was so keyed up I did not even make the cut. Now I have won the Masters again, and let's just say I don't plan to miss the cut this time.



The 17th, a 606-yard par-5 that presents nothing to fear but trees, creek, sand and another pretty pond.

A Delicate Look at One That Is No Soft Touch

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

Its rich colors may seem ever muted and its pastoral images always subtle, yet, as the ensuing pages show, the U.S. Open is a golf tournament that has a distinctive pattern of its own, one that contradicts its superficial tranquillity. It has a way of offering a big favorite to watch; this year, Jack Nicklaus. Then it presents a superchallenger whose every move must be followed, too. Next week this will once again be Arnold Palmer, the man tenderly brushing the green at right during last year's Open. It always seems plain, as play begins, that nobody else has a chance to win so tough a tournament. No chance at all . . .







Yet, often as not, the U.S. Open course thwarts the hopes of the favorites, and all eyes end up following



the fortunes of a Ken Venturi as he moves toward a startling victory on a sun-burnished day.



Filled with momentary successes and sudden collapses, the Open presents an athletic challenge



to the gallery, which knows that the man who moves the fastest is the man who sees the most.





JOSEPH C. DEY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR USGA

The Man Who Makes The Grass Grow

by Alfred Wright

Regard the golf ball on the opposite page. And ask any touring professional where it is. Ten to one he will tell you it is in the rough at the U.S. Open, which is exactly where this particular ball was photographed a year ago—during the USGA Open Championship at the Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C.

It is the rough that distinguishes U.S. Open courses from those on which golf's other major championships are played. In the minds of the competitors it grows as high as an elephant's eye, and it flanks fairways that look no wider than footpaths through the African veldt. Even with large galleries standing only a few yards away, balls have been lost in the Open rough, and sometimes when they have been found players might well have wished they had stayed lost. The pros have a lot of words for the Open rough—most of them short and not carefully chosen—but their sole annual consolation is that they think they know to whom to address the words. It is a singular tribute to a singular man that the golfers call U.S. Open courses Devsville, and that endless locker room conversations begin, "You can tell Joe Dey for me . . ."

Joseph Charles Dey Jr. is, and has been for 30 years, the executive director of the U.S. Golf Association, which is the ruling body of amateur golf in America. He is a tallish, handsome, dignified, little-known man of courtly manners and quiet graces (you pronounce Dey as in shy) who combines his considerable authority with an ability to wield it well (cross him, and you can pronounce Dey as in dead). He is an anomaly in the modern world: a man of great influence who labors gladly in obscurity, and by moving judiciously and firmly he has become the most powerful individual in American golf. He is to his sport what Secretary McNamara is to the Pentagon, or Will Hays used to be to the movies or Richelieu was to the court of Louis XIII. The public knows of him only as a shadowy figure whose name occasionally gets into the papers along with one of his pronouncements on some sticky problem. Rarely is his picture seen. In golf, however, his voice is from Mount Olympus.

Technically, Joe Dey is no more than the surrogate for the USGA Executive Committee, a body of 15 men who are the overlords of amateur golf. (Professional golf is run by the PGA, but—unlike tennis—the twain do meet in golf, most notably in *Opens*, tournaments run by the USGA that are, as the name implies, *open* to both amateurs and professionals.) As the USGA's executive director, Dey

continued

Finally, it often comes down to what a man does to a ball buried in the traditionally deep U.S. Open rough.

administers its business and speaks its corporate mind. Whenever golf or a golfer faces one of the game's infinite quandaries, whether it be at the U.S. Open or during a hotly contested Ladies' Day event at Babbling Brook, the ultimate word must emanate from Golf House, the USGA headquarters in New York where Joe Dey presides.

In the course of a year, Golf House receives more than a thousand formal inquiries—and perhaps twice again that number by telephone—for rulings on some sticky technicality. A caddie has fallen into a bunker with the player's golf clubs before the player has had a chance to hit out. Should the player be penalized two strokes for grounding a club in a hazard? (He should not.) A lady phones to say her club championship has reached the semifinal round with only three players. What should be done? (Play a round robin or decide it by stroke play.) A man in Avon, Conn. makes a hole in one but does not want to buy champagne for everybody. Is he entitled to declare the ball unplayable and take the consequent penalty? (He is not, for the Rules of Golf say that he has completed the hole. Great Britain, however, for years had a "lost in the hole" rule. If the golfer thought his ball was lost and played another it did him no good to later find his first one in the cup.) "I don't know what game that Connecticut gentleman is playing," said Joe Dey, "but it isn't golf."

On a higher, though not necessarily more combative level, there have been rulings at national championships that have had a serious effect on the careers of professional golfers. For instance, during the final round of the 1940 U.S. Open at Canterbury Golf Club in Cleveland, Ed (Porky) Oliver—one of the best-liked tournament pros of the era—had to be disqualified after finishing the 72 holes in a tie with Gene Sarazen and Lawson Little. The group with which Oliver was playing began its afternoon round 32 minutes ahead of its official starting time in order to beat a threatening storm, and the USGA ruled that this had given the players an unfair advantage.

Years later, at the 1957 Women's Open at Winged Foot, Mrs. Jackie Pung, the portly and genial Hawaiian matron, brought home the winning score of 298. But in the excitement and confusion of her victory she signed a faulty scorecard. Her playing partner, who was keeping her score, had mistakenly marked a 5 on a hole where Mrs. Pung had taken a 6. Though the final score of 72 was correctly entered, the Rules called for a disqualification. The USGA championship committee so ordered.

And who has been blamed ever since for the misfortunes that befell these two popular golfers? Why, Joseph C. Dey Jr., of course. Yet Dey is much too loyal a servant of the USGA to ever state publicly how he may feel about such inequities as the Pung case. It is a mark of Dey's fidelity to golf and the USGA that he pleasantly serves as a proxy target for all the brickbats that frustrated and disappointed golfers find reason to throw at the game's Rules, or the USGA's interpretations of them. "I personify the USGA," Joe Dey says, sounding both paternal and philosophical.

Since the day it was first formed in 1894 to conduct a national golf championship, the USGA has been enveloped in an aura of refined gentility. This is largely because its senior officers were and still are almost invariably successful businessmen with proper social credentials. Joe Dey blends comfortably into this background. He wears the soft-spoken suits and the button-down Brooks Brothers shirts of the Eastern Establishment, and he spent enough time at country clubs to get his own handicap down to 10. He and his wife, Rosalie, herself once a topflight amateur golfer, live in the unimpeachable Long Island community of Locust Valley. When his work forces Dey

The USGA hits some hot golf balls

Rarely has there been a stronger display of the USGA's authority and determination than that shown the other day when it banned from tournament use four of the most prestigious golf balls made in America. Outlawed for failing to meet velocity and or weight limitations set forth in the Rules of Golf—*i.e.*, they were souped up—were: Acushnet's Titleist DT and DT 100 and Spalding's Black Dot and 100 compression Black Dot, as well as a lesser-known ball, the Bristol Advisory 100. The Titleist is the country's best-selling golf ball, and Spalding's premium ball, the Dot, has had a major share of the market for 30 years. It was as if GM and Ford had been ruled off the road.

The USGA, which is responsible for keeping "hot" golf balls out of tournaments and, it hopes, off the market, first became suspicious during its annual check of balls last March. It had picked up several dozen of every make in pro shops across the country and shipped them to the United States Testing Company in Hoboken, N.J. After being "cured" for three days in an incubator, they were put through the USGA's velocity-testing machine. When substantial numbers of the Titleist, Spalding and Bristol balls failed to meet specifications, dozens more were tested. The previous results were confirmed.

In early April the manufacturers were notified that their balls did not conform. The companies asked that more balls be tested. By mid-May there was no significant change—substantial numbers were still exceeding the 250 feet per second allowed, as well as a 2% tolerance above that which the USGA permits. In addition, numbers of the Spalding Dots were still above the allowed weight (1.620 ounces avoirdupois), and added weight often helps distance, too.

"We had to do something," says USGA boss Joe Dey. "Using one of these balls was just as much breaking a golf rule as moving a ball with your toe." The ban was ordered. While this was going on, there had also been some very quiet mutterings on the pro tour, which follows the USGA's golf ball edicts. "I noticed this spring that guys hitting the Dot were driving 20 yards farther than they used to," Arnold Palmer told a friend. "I figured something was wrong."

What has gone wrong, contend Spalding and Acushnet, is the USGA's testing machine, a 25-year-old device that does have an antiquated look about it. Acushnet Vice President William Bommer said the problem is "in the area of testing technique," but Acushnet has also shipped a new batch of balls to the USGA for testing, hoping to have "the difficulty resolved" before the U.S. Open. Howard Nannen, national sales manager for Spalding, says the USGA machine is not consistent, that it is "walking."

At the companies' request, the USGA tested all parts of the machine, found nothing wrong and said, in effect, that its machine was not walking but the golf balls concerned were sure galloping, and, incidentally, there was nothing wrong with its scale either—the one it weighed the Spalding Black Dots on.

About the only apparent way for Titleist and Spalding to get back on the PGA tour

to remain overnight in town, as it often does, he takes a room at the Union League Club, a fortress of conservatism. After 57 years, there are just the right threads of gray in Dey's dark-brown hair and just enough of a weathered look at the lines about his clear brown eyes. There is no mistaking him as anything but a low-key, well-bred gentleman of the old school. You would no more argue with him than argue with Harvard, which is exactly the image the USGA wants to project.

Dey's devotion to golf is of an almost religious intensity, and the fundamental tenet of his gospel is that amateurism is the heart of the game. As he frequently points out, only a fraction of the nation's millions of golfers play for prize money. "Without the spirit of the game, what would the game be?" Dey has written. "The world sorely needs good fellowship and fair play among men. Sport helps us learn them. Consideration of the other fellow is part of the code of golf. . . . How the game is played is the main concern of the USGA."

In the past few years, Dey's major crusade in behalf of golf's amateurism has been an assault on gambling. Since 1950, there has been a section in the Rules of Golf stating that the USGA disapproves of gambling in connection with golf tournaments and wants member clubs to prohibit it. This was aimed mainly at member-guest tournaments where a member would bring in a "horse" for a partner—that is, a good player with a phony handicap—and make a killing in the Calcutta pool. Then came the infamous incident at Long Island's Deepdale Country Club in 1955 in which a coup of several thousand dollars was allegedly made in a Calcutta by importing two unknown New England hotshots with high handicaps. As a result, and at Dey's urging, a new clause was written into the Rules that denied amateur status for "any conduct, including activities in connection with golf gambling, which is considered detrimental to . . . the game."

Calcutta pools have now become almost a thing of the past. On one occasion, when a member of the USGA executive committee was about to play in a small invitational tournament where a Calcutta was being held, he received a phone call from Dey asking him to withdraw.

Dey also keeps a sharp eye on leading amateurs with reputations for gambling, and he has rejected the entry applications of several of them for the U.S. Amateur Championship. On other occasions he has kept golfers off the Walker Cup team because he felt they had been gambling too freely. "The USGA serves the purpose of being part of the conscience of golf," Dey says, "and that involves having to take firm positions on ethical and semiethical matters."

The USGA has no official investigators, but its sonar is sensitive. It is likely to get wind of noxious behavior as soon as it happens, usually through some outraged golfer who is not averse to tattling on miscreants. When things look wrong, Joe Dey will write a letter to the offending club or get a nearby committeeman to investigate. "These matters are handled most usefully by persuasion," Dey says, "but if a club does not correct the situation immediately, we fire them out of the association."

Some amateur golfers who have been chosen to represent the USGA in such international matches as the Walker Cup feel that Dey's zeal for purity can be excessive. On a trip to England some years ago Dey thought a few Walker Cup players were staying up too late and drinking too much on the Atlantic crossing. So he set an 11 p.m. curfew, and asked the players to limit themselves to two cocktails a day.

It comes as no surprise to learn that Joe Dey once seriously considered the ministry as a career. (Ever nameless shall be the golfer who, on hearing this, wondered if Joe

continued

and into amateur tournaments quickly is for the companies to put out a ball that does pass the USGA tests and give it or the box it comes in a distinguishing mark.

Meanwhile, golfers have crowded pro shops seeking the hopped-up balls. "The companies may have a quick sale," Joe Dey says, "but a stigma will probably become attached to their products if they do not conform. I like to think and I do believe that most players want to play golf by the Rules."

Reaction on the PGA tour, where the banned balls have not been used for two weeks, varied. Short-hitting Doug Ford was outraged. "It's the silliest thing I ever heard of," he said. "We're pros playing amateur rules." Another pro, one who normally uses a Black Dot, said, "It doesn't matter. I'll play anything I can get for nothing."

But for Acushnet and Spalding there was plenty of concern, and not just about the balls. Acushnet likes to say that more pros play Titleists in major tournaments than any other ball. And Spalding has a slogan that now cuts two ways: "Born to fly. . . . Black Dot rewards you with a little more distance than you thought you'd get."



A lab technician feeds suspect ball into velocity-testing machine



WATCH WHAT BLACK WATCH DOES FOR A MAN !



BLACK WATCH
The Man's Fragrance
shave lotion $2.50, cologne $3 PLUS TAX
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

PSST!
THEY'RE NEW!
Black Watch Instant Foam Shave
Black Watch Pre-Electric Skin Conditioner

U.S. Open *continued*

would have been sure about Who was working for Whom.) Dey had gone through grade school in New Orleans, where his father was in the grain business, and was 16 when the family moved to Philadelphia. He convinced the *Public Ledger* to hire him as a sportswriter, went to the University of Pennsylvania for a year and a half and at 19 returned full time to the sports page of the *Ledger*.

Through the early '30s Dey made enough of a reputation for himself as a golf writer to be asked by Herbert Jaques, the distinguished Bostonian who was then president of the USGA, to run the association's New York office. The invitation came at an awkward time, for Dey had just applied for admission to the Princeton Theological Seminary.

"I had led a kind of harum-scarum life up until then," he recalls now. "I was young and drifting and had no focus in life. I never had any impulse to get into business and only a slight one to go into law, but I was strongly impelled toward the ministry. I received no encouragement from Princeton, though, and the more I thought about it the more I realized that a great many of the things the ministry stood for were expressed in lay terms by golf."

Dey was only 27 years old when he took over as the USGA's executive secretary, the title his job held then. It was December 1934, and the association was still a fairly parochial institution that thought of golf as an eastern sport. But the growth of the USGA in the three decades since Dey assumed office has been enormous. The roster of member clubs has almost quadrupled. The number of annual USGA championships has been raised to nine by the inclusion of junior tournaments for both boys and girls under 18, seniors for men and women over 54 and 49, respectively, and the Women's Open. To the international competition have been added world amateur team championships for both men and women—the former better known as the Eisenhower Trophy—and the Americas Cup matches between Mexico, Canada and the U.S. The Eisenhower Trophy was a longtime dream of Dey's, a kind of Olympics of amateur golf, and last year 33 nations competed for it in Rome.

In 1936 all four of the USGA championships and the Walker Cup matches were held within 100 miles of New York City. Last year the nine championships were scattered over such diverse locales as Washington, D.C., Cleveland, Hutchinson, Kans., Minneapolis, San Diego, Sacramento and Portland, Ore. Dey refuses to take credit for spreading the USGA's tournaments around the country, but he will admit that after the geographical concentration of the 1936 championships he "brought the matter to the committee's attention."

The growth of U.S. golf—there were 2 million players in 1936 compared with 8 million last year—meant Joe Dey had a growing job, but he kept pace. Now his organization has a gross annual revenue of $800,000, and spends almost all of it. More than a third goes toward the running of the USGA championships, a little less than a quarter apiece toward administration and operation of its Green Section, which assists member clubs in the agronomy and proper maintenance of their courses, and the rest on its movies and myriad publications aimed at educating the golfing public in such elementary matters as rules and etiquette.

Golf House, where Joe Dey now presides over a staff of 27, reflects the somewhat musty elegance of the USGA. It is a handsome five-story Stanford White town house that the elder J. P. Morgan built in the once-stylish neighborhood of East 38th Street, just off Park Avenue. Bought for the USGA after a nationwide public subscription following World War II, it serves as a golf museum and library as well as an office, and there is scarcely an item among its 15,000 rare reference books, old prints and golf artifacts with which Dey, a Sunday school teacher by avocation, is not as lovingly familiar as he is with his own Bible. ("Familiar!" says a Dey aide. "Why, he quotes the Bible to me daily.")

In addition to the immediate staff at Golf House, there are some 600 volunteer workers who man the USGA's 20 committees governing such matters as rules, championships, implements, handicaps and finance. Of these, 15 eventually rise to the executive committee. They are scattered across the country, they must pay their own fares to all meetings and tournaments and they have no expense accounts. The gold USGA buttons they wear on their navy blue blazers are their only vigorish—the number of buttons on their coat sleeves showing rank; the

continued



Rent your own Post Office. $6.50 a month.

You're looking at a Pitney-Bowes postage meter. It will stamp, date, seal and audit your mail in as little time as it takes to tell about it. And all it costs is $6.50 a month, plus an initial fee of $32.50. When you take into account the stamps you lose and the time you waste, we think you'll find it will pay its own way in your office, even if you only spend 25¢ a day on postage.

Because part of the post office's job is done right in your office, your mail can go through faster. And when it arrives with a meter stamp instead of an old-fashioned postage stamp, it'll look like it means business.

Once you shape up your mail operation, life in your office may start improving in a lot of ways. The girl who used to run out for stamps and do the licking and sticking can be free for more important work. Such as typing a few letters. And answering the phone. She may even have time to pour your afternoon coffee.

Pitney-Bowes
Originator of the
POSTAGE METER

Call the nearest Pitney Bowes office. Or write to Pitney Bowes, Inc., [illegible] Pacific Street, Stamford Conn. 06904



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY 86 PROOF EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © PTBC 1965

want to make something out of it?

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

president rates four. They also get to buy ($4) an executive committee necktie from Brooks Brothers. At tournaments, they must referee both the good and the boring matches, make unpopular rulings on technicalities, help control the galleries and supervise the parking and sanitary facilities. When the day is done, they sometimes even get to sit through committee meetings lasting well past midnight. If, like Clarence W. (Gus) Benedict, a White Plains, N.Y. businessman who is the current president, they do their work well, they are eventually elected secretary and move from there to second vice-president, first vice-president and finally to president. When they retire they get a USGA medal.

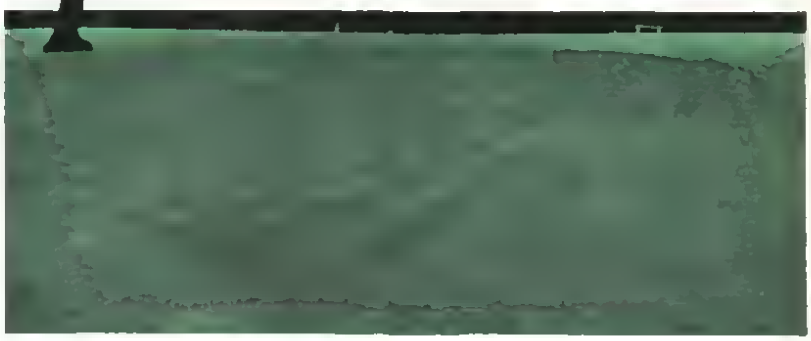
"They are," says Lewis Lapham, a New York banker and former member of the committee, "the most dedicated bunch of guys I have ever known. Everyone wants them to soften up the Rules and trick up the ball and do this and that, and they call you stuffy and snotty and claim you don't move with the times, but believe me, they are a very superior bunch of fellows, and they run the USGA intelligently and courageously."

This, then, is the organization of which Joe Dey is the "heart, brains, belly and soul," as Lapham puts it. Even the pros, who are, year in and year out, Dey's most vociferous critics, will grudgingly admit—when pressed—that he has been a wonderful influence on golf. (They even said it ungrudgingly when he ordered the format of the U.S. Open changed this year to abolish the 36-hole final day—this being a change most of the pros were very much for and a great number of traditionalists very much against.) Recently Arnold Palmer went so far as to suggest that the PGA, which could use some firm leadership, should try to hire a man like Dey, or even Dey himself, to run its affairs.

Fred Corcoran, one of the pioneers of the professional golf tour, puts the proposition even more emphatically. "Joe Dey," says Corcoran, "will never get any Academy Awards for what he does, but no one has ever done more for golf. He is absolutely fair. He thinks only about what is good for the game. Golf should have more people like Joe Dey. Every sport should."

But don't walk up to a pro stashing at his ball in the U.S. Open rough next week and suggest this point of view to him. You might get killed in Deysville. END

putt A MAXFLI





When the hole looks a mile away, Maxfli holds your line over a million spikes of grass and through breaks and over the lip and into the cup. See for yourself why more and more professionals say Maxfli is the best putter on the tour. Hear how Maxfli even sounds like a better putt. Then take it to the next tee... and drive a Maxfli mile. Your professional has Maxfli. Try one.

'Continuing tests prove no other ball out-distances the Maxfli'



Cushman Deluxe Electric Golf Cars - the very finest!

More courses choose these golf cars than any other kind. Why? Because of the smooth effortless ride, the individual bucket seats with swivel back rests, the wonderful Cushman suspension system that smooths out the bumps.

Then, too, these Cushman Golfsters are well-known for dependability. The 36-volt electric system is almost fool-proof; the Cushman sliding contact switch is simple and durable. The fiberglass body is made up of 9 separate panels and each can be removed and replaced with a screwdriver. Choose either automotive steering (right) or tiller bar (left). They are identical except for the steering; great for individual as well as fleet ownership.

Free new full-color booklet describes all six Cushman Golf Cars. Mail the coupon for your copy today!

CUSHMAN MOTORS
"the big name in little wheels"
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

CUSHMAN MOTORS
1034 N. 21st Street, Lincoln, Nebraska
Please send me your new free golf car booklet.

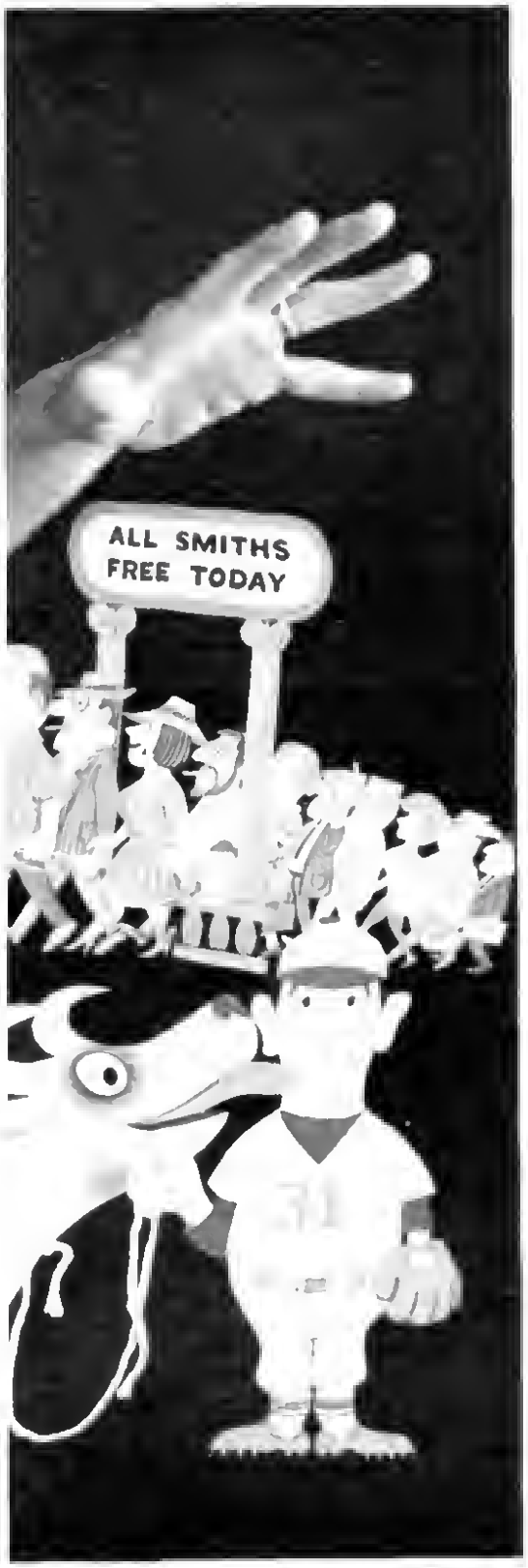
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



PHOTOGRAPH BY NEAL BARR ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM FLORA



SECRETS OF A MASTER SHOWMAN

In this concluding installment, the author contemplates such new promotions as postgame dances, bathing queens and—if you do not have fun—your money back

by BILL VEECK and ED LINN

You don't have to be a hustler to be a promoter—which is fair enough since you don't have to be a promoter to be a hustler either. But it helps. Noah Webster offers as his preferred definition for the verb *promote*: "To advance in station, rank or honor: Raise—opposed to *demote*." The best he can do for *promoter* is: "One that forwards or advances."

So that's what a promoter does? As the first assignment in this class we will now all burn our dictionaries and get on to the working definition, complete with illustrations, gesticulation and grimaces:

An eminent archaeologist recently deciphered the quaint markings and scrawlings on a wall in Syracuse which depicted the stirring saga of one Tuttutantutt, a prehistoric promoter who was forced to beat a hasty exit from that normally hospitable city when half of his bearbaiting team failed to show up. He did manage, it seems, to maintain his composure well enough to take the day's receipts with him—which resulted in the complete destruction of the arena by his irate customers. Tuttutantutt not only kept the receipts, he had his customers provide their own show. *That's* a promoter.

Some years later, in Rome, during the rather lively reign of Emperor Nero, we read of two promoters who had continued

Presiding over a gallery of his own favorite gimmicks is the wizard himself, Bill Veeck. Among his many ideas: a helicopter to deliver pitchers to the mound, a midget player, the first exploding scoreboard, picnic grounds in the outfield, a baby-sitting service, a rocking chair in the bullpen for Satchel Paige, a cow-milking contest among players and free admission to all people named Smith.

© 1965 by William L. Veeck and Edward L. Linn. All rights reserved.

somewhat worse luck. These boys not only lost the entire day's receipts, they ended up in the show themselves when their regular jobber ran short of unrepentant Christians during the May Day rush. We are indebted to Tacitus for this fascinating insight into early Italian merchandising, and since neither he nor any of his fellow gossip columnists thought it necessary to make any further mention of our boys, we must assume that the lions were a big winner that day.

That's the way it goes in the promoting business, class. Win a few, lose a few.

The only promotion rules I can think of are that a sense of shame is to be avoided at all costs, and there is never any reason for a hustler to be any less cunning than more virtuous men.

Oh yes, one thing more. Whenever you think you've got something really great, add 10% more.

It isn't enough for a promotion to be entertaining or even amusing; it must create conversation. When a fan goes home and talks about what he has seen, he is getting an additional kick out of being able to say that he was there. Do not deny him that simple pleasure, especially since he is giving you invaluable word-of-mouth advertising to add to the newspaper, radio and TV reports.

It is no secret that I have always felt that incongruity is the soul of laughter in a ball park. Ideally, a promotion should be incongruous and—since we are not dealing here in pushcart peddlers—it should involve a ballplayer.

Let us begin with a simple example. If I were to present a player with a check I would be helping his budget, but I would be doing very little for myself promotionally unless I were content with a smattering of applause from the audience, a brief mention at the bottom of the notes columns and a perfumed thank-you note from his wife.

If, on the other hand, I give him a check that is 30 feet by 60 feet instead of the customary 3 inches by 6 inches I have established grounds for picture taking, for laughter, for comment. I have even established the feeling that since the check is so big physically it is somehow much bigger monetarily too.

There is also going to be a certain amount of curiosity about whether the check is negotiable. This will give me the opportunity to pass on the fascinating information—just in case the question should ever come up over your breakfast table—that the size of checks is regulated solely by custom and convenience. I will even have an official of the bank standing by—looking friendly—to assure eager sportswriters that there are no restrictions as to size, shape, color, material or national origin.

Promotions are not without their drawbacks. For one thing, they cost money. That's deplorable. The very cost itself, however, can become part of the promotion. There is something about the crisp, crackling sound of money burning that puts the color into the cheeks and brings back memories of those happy boyhood days down on the farm. Why, people will come from miles away just to see money being burned.

Whenever you find that you have to spend money around the ball park, you should be able to create a promotion so that it will seem to your unsuspecting admirers as if the promotion is the sole reason for it all.

Example: In Chicago in 1959 the concessions trucks were having so much trouble squeezing through the narrow entrance to Comiskey Park that we decided to bypass the whole concessions area and bring the trucks in through the exit gate at the corner of the right-field bleachers. To do this we had to widen the gate, rip out the old runway and footings and lay down a new, lower runway. Construction work may ignite some mild interest down at a union hall, but it would, alas, be of no great interest to the newspapers, the public or even the National Bureau of Standards. Unless we could tie it in with a promotion.

Easy. All we had to do was to hold a Night for a player and present him with a gift that would just barely squeeze through the new, expanded entrance. As for the player, it was quite apparent that Nellie Fox was most deserving of the honor. He deserved a Night because he was on his way to becoming the MVP of the American League, and he deserved a Night just because he was Nellie.

The only problem became the purely technical one of finding a gift that would fulfill the basic requirement of sheer size and would also be incongruous enough to call forth gasps of awe and gales of laughter. What was wanted, in short, was a token of esteem that would look ridiculous in a ball park and be equally incongruous as a gift for Nellie.

Since Fox lives in St. Thomas, Pa., far from the water's edge, it would be rather difficult to find anything less useful to him than a sailboat. Well, darned if we didn't give him a 26-foot sailboat. You may not believe this, but we even knocked down the exit gate out in the corner of right field, tore up the footings and—at incredible trouble and incalculable cost—built a whole new runway just so we could get it onto the field.

I have one favorite category of promotion that I always think of as The Name's the Same. I first used it for Al Smith's benefit in Chicago by inviting everyone whose name was Smith, or any variation thereof—Smythe, Schmidt, Schmitz—into the park free to sit behind Al in the outfield bleachers and root for him. Actually, I had used the same principle much earlier in such stunts as inviting all mothers into the park on Mother's Day, with a picture of their offspring—or anybody's offspring—serving as the ticket of admission.

The Mother's Day promotion is in a slightly different category, though, because there is no way of wrapping it around a player, unless you're anxious to become terribly mawkish. By wrapping a promotion around a player, you are bringing the ceremonies out of the stands and onto the field, providing a focal point for exploitation and giving everybody at the game the added pleasure of having somebody special to root for.

With a little thought I'm sure that all of you are perfectly capable of coming up with a Name's the Same gambit yourself. In Washington, you have a President named Johnson and a club owner named Johnston, a coincidence so fraught with significance that it almost demands that you invite all Johnsons, Johnstons, *et al.*, to the Opening Game. We are not only going to let them into the park free, we are going to present each of them a baseball so that he can join the President in throwing out the first ball.

Some of you smart alecks who are familiar with the situation in Washington may protest that we are letting people in free on the only day in the entire season when we figure to have a sellout. If your mind runs along such choked and dreary channels you had better either reprogram your entire thinking or go into a less chancy business—like,

continued



Shown above: Honda [illegible] 90 about $ [illegible]*

You meet the nicest people on a Honda. Hondas like to branch out on their own. A price of about $215* isn't much when you consider Honda's OHV 4-stroke engine. A gem of dependability and advanced design. And contrary to what you'll find elsewhere, the range of models is large. 15 in all. With airtight warranties to match. By the way, Honda has the largest parts and service network in the country. If this is important to you. Most owners rarely need it. Hondas hold up. Start with Honda. You'll stay with Honda. That's the way it goes. HONDA

For information write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. JW, 100 W. Alondra Blvd., Gardena, California. *Plus dealer's transportation and set up charges.

"Dacron"... a man's way to look great, stay neat



VAN HEUSEN sport shirts, younger by design. This one has "Dacron" so you can relax in style. "Dacron" keeps it neat, smooth—right through an active day. Wrinkles haven't a chance. "Dacron" also makes it permanently wash & wear. Extra-long-wearing, too. 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% combed cotton, 100% pure pleasure. A great range of bold plaids. About $6.95 at fine stores. Ask for Van Heusen shirts with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's reg. T.M. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

Better Things for Better Living ..through Chemistry

DU PONT

say, running for mayor of Chicago on the Republican ticket.

The very fact that everyone knows you could have sold those seats makes them more valuable and upgrades the whole promotion.

I cannot stress this point too strongly: when you give something away, give it away. Freely and openheartedly. The mistake many so-called promoters make is that they try giving away only 10% or 20%—or, in some cases I could cite, 3.5%. I want to warn you right now that if anyone in this class ever runs one of those affairs in which he splits with a charity, his diploma is automatically revoked. If you're going to do it, do it.

A good hustler's thoughts should be long, long thoughts. He is thinking not for the day, but for the year, the decade. Don't worry about letting people in free. Seats you have aplenty. Anything that brings people into those seats is going to help you in the long run. Besides, an act of charity bathes you in the light of respectability, and respectability is the best blind a hustler can have.

The only element lacking in our Opening Day promotion for Washington is the tie-in to a ballplayer. If I were planning this promotion, I'd try very hard to buy Bob Johnson from Baltimore or Ken Johnson from Milwaukee. To get him, I'd be perfectly prepared to pay a premium price—mostly because I know I'd have to.

Along the same general lines, I have always wanted to find a ballplayer who was born on Christmas Day, because that would mean he had been cheated—poor chap—out of a birthday all his life. We would make things up to him—and to all the similarly afflicted—by holding a birthday party for him on July 4. All other Christmas babies within sound of our voice would be admitted to the park as our guests—to receive special solace—upon the display of birth certificates, legitimate or reasonably well forged. Just think of the Christmas in July fireworks display we could put on!

The common denominator in all these promotions, then, is that we are honoring a group of people who have one common characteristic. The only trouble with this kind of promotion is that it is necessary to let the people know what's going to happen in advance. Generally that's a mistake. The big kick is to be surprised. What we are trying to do is to get the whole city in a frame of mind where they are asking, "What's that screwball going to do next?"

Man survives because he is the most optimistic of animals. Every time he leaves the house, he is hoping to find that elusive magical something that is going to upgrade his life. We can't come right out and promise to transform his personality, since that would be poaching upon territory already staked out by the deodorant, hair lotion and cigarette cartels, but we should be able to make him understand that he is going to experience something enjoyable and, if we are all very lucky, memorable.

The business of baseball is characterized by two things: first of all, you are dependent to an extent that will probably surprise you on repeat business. If you break your attendance figures down over a period of time you will find that on a total attendance of one million less than 100,000 different people are involved.

Most of the repeats, need I say, are season-ticket holders. If you can sell 10,000 advance seats, you have assured yourself (taking into account the varying plans) an attendance of 450,000. The average customer, excluding those season-ticket holders, comes to the park no more than two or three times a year. If you can put on a good enough show to get him to come five or six times, he has become a source of pride to you. A source of revenue, too.

Since baseball is working with such a tiny portion of the population, the latitude for increasing your attendance once you have swung into high gear is almost unlimited. If you can hit the right combination of fun and victory, victory and fun, then, boy, your attendance can climb to the sky.

Here is where the second characteristic of baseball comes in. Although you are dependent upon repeat business, you have no product to sell. The customer comes out to the park with nothing except the illusion that he is going to have a good time. He leaves with nothing except a memory. If the memory brings on either yawns or head pains you have lost him until next year—and already there are too many once-a-year customers. That's something that really makes a fellow proud, isn't it, Mr. Commissioner?

With its unfailing instinct for merchandising, baseball has sold its customers on the idea that they can enjoy them-

continued



Consistency

– the kind you can count on for every ball in the box – has made Titleist golf's #1 ball

Every year without fail – for the past 17 years – more pros and top amateurs have played more Titleists in more tournaments than any other ball.

This year? Titleist is actually increasing its lead. In tournaments. In sales. In play every day.

(And remember: nobody's paid to play Titleist.)



Acushnet Golf Balls

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS ONLY



Et tu, Brut?



Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

selves only if the home team wins. This is great for the two pennant winners, but it is not very rewarding for the 10 teams in the two second divisions. If you have a particularly bad team, you are faced with the considerable problem of coaxing your customer into the ball park that first time. The next problem is to make him want to come back.

Listen to me carefully, now, because if you are a hustler you are going to start out with a bad team. A bad ball club is generally the available one, the cheaper one, and the one you can best bring your talents to bear upon. You must start out, in the face of baseball's most hallowed traditions, by selling the customer on the idea that win or lose, you are putting on a good show.

Pro football has done this remarkably well. While the baseball hierarchy talks pompously about "giving the fans a team worthy of their support," the football mob has been sold the tired, trite, but salable slogan that "any team can beat any other on a given afternoon." Through nothing more than hard, long and—give them their due—brilliant promotion, the footballers have created the feeling that their teams are so evenly matched that the game will be great no matter which team wins. I can assure you that the teams are not that evenly matched. As a matter of fact, the bottom teams in baseball defeat the top teams a far greater percent of the time than the bottom teams beat the top teams in the NFL.

The question before the class, then, is this: How can we guarantee fans that we have dedicated our lives, our fortune and our sacred honor to giving them a good time if only they will come out to the park to sample our wares? Well, the only way you can guarantee something, students, is by guaranteeing it.

Guarantee it, you say? But that's impossible. You're not presenting Zero Mostel in *Fiddler on the Roof*. You're not even presenting Elizabeth Taylor in *Fiddler on a Hot Tin Roof*. You are presenting an athletic contest. About the only thing you can promise the fan, without running afoul of the Securities and Exchange Commission, is that you don't know *what's* going to happen out there.

Still, you can give the fans a guarantee. You can give them a money-back guarantee. You can tell them that if they don't have fun, you want them to march, singly or en masse, upon your box office and demand their money back. No stalling, no box tops, no questions asked.

To prove that you are not making this offer frivolously, it would be well to grab the public-address microphone the first time you have been soundly trounced and insist that everybody come back whether he wants to or not. "No one," you announce, your voice throbbing in agony, "should have to pay good money to see this kind of monstrosity. I implore you to come back as my guest if only to give me a chance to make a comeback with you." If the fireworks should happen to fizzle, even after a particularly exciting game, give the money back, too.

The money-back guarantee is a natural because it meets the ultimate test of any promotion—it helps the customer have a better time. Every time some humpty-dumpty strikes out, one guy can turn to his buddy and groan, "Come on, let's get our money back." Any time a fielder blows one, the cry will most assuredly arise, "Watch it, you bum, or we'll *all* go get our money back."

No fan really wants to shuffle up to the box office and ask for his money back, of course, but it flatters him to know that you are solicitous of his patronage and goodwill. You have made him a participant, in the same sense that sportswriters are participants. He can watch, he can judge and, when the game is over, he can either stop at the box office or keep on walking.

As much as I hate to inject a discouraging note into such a stimulating subject, the first rule of promoting is to get yourself a good product (good—not necessarily winning). Without it you are stone-cold dead in the marketplace. You can shoot off your fireworks, hire your clowns, pull off your stunts, but all that is only the frosting on the cake. The game of baseball is the thing on which, in the end, you will have to live or die.

If I have been a self-starting Cassandra shouting "Doom," it is because the game has become too slow for the modern pace of life. I am not talking simply about elapsed time. I'm talking about the long stretches of time in which nothing happens. Three pitching changes in a single inning can clear out the ball park. That is why we instituted the practice of getting the relief pitchers in there by car. If, on the other hand, you have a red-hot relief pitcher whose entrance is eagerly awaited, you should leave that car in the garage and let him stroll to the mound

continued



Not one of the top 50 U.S. corporations has a fat president.

Fight executive spread with Metrecal® to get weight off—and keep it off.

It's an easy plan to follow. To *lose* weight, you simply replace two meals a day with delicious new METRECAL Milkshake Flavors.

Then, to *keep* weight off, have Metrecal for lunch—just lunch.

It's an easy plan to enjoy because new METRECAL liquid Milkshake Flavors actually taste like milkshakes, and satisfy like milkshakes. They're rich with vitamins and protein.

Improve your corporate image with ten new flavors: Chocolate, Chocolate Marshmallow, Dutch Chocolate, Vanilla, Butterscotch, Eggnog, Raspberry, Tutti-Frutti, Cherry and Banana.



Have a "soft" summer!
WEAR
Wigwam
SOCKS
for every sport . . . and everyday wear, too!





WIGWAM MILLS, INC., Sheboygan, Wis.
In Canada, Hanson Mills Ltd., Hull, Que.



AMERICA'S ONLY
ALUMINUM
BOAT TRAILER
TRAILEX
NO Paint • NO Rust • NO Work • NO Worry
Write for name of nearest dealer or ask for literature
TRAILEX CORP., CANFIELD, OHIO



Smoke
BOND
STREET
the pipe tobacco
that stays lit



More Americans read more books because of Business Mail. There are only 2,000 bookstores in the cities, towns and villages across America. Thirty years ago even the most popular books seldom sold 30,000 copies. In 1961, nearly 80 million books were sold by mail alone. Another cultural service of Business Mail.

while the tension builds. Satchel Paige walking in from the bullpen was one of the electrifying moments of baseball. Today you have Dick Radatz of Boston.

For our purposes here we are not going to discuss how the game itself could be made more compact. As hustlers, we are interested in how we can use the art of promotion to keep the fans totally involved in what is happening on the field even when nothing is happening. Fans are not going to pay to sit out there and daydream when they can sit at home and daydream for free.

Let us consider the uses of the scoreboard. The scoreboard we put up in Chicago was intended for greater things than mortar fire and fireworks. It was to be a bottomless magic box, out of which who-knows-what marvels might fly. Among the marvels were to be electronic instruments which would not only entertain and inform the customer but also serve to keep his mind riveted on the ball game. For instance, the Pitchometer.

A great portion of any ball game consists of the pitcher holding the ball or throwing it to the catcher. Anything that can somehow turn that frozen tableau into a scene of drama and excitement has solved about 75% of your problems.

According to the rules, when nobody is on base, the pitcher is supposed to deliver the ball within 20 seconds after he receives it. If you can tell me when an umpire last called that one, you win a free trip to Leo Durocher.

We had a timer built right into the scoreboard—the Pitchometer. (It is well to keep the nomenclature simple and to the point. Save the cute and clever for the gag itself.) The Pitchometer was set up to tick off the seconds for us. When the hand hit the 20-second mark it would actuate a siren that was guaranteed to knock the pitcher's hat off and startle the boys in the downtown pool hall. With luck, it would even call the umpire's attention to the violation of the rule.

In any good promotion (or, for that matter, any good publicity idea), timing is everything. It is essential to pick the spot that will merit the widest possible coverage and bring on the most delighted (or inflamed) comment. I wanted to find the right pitcher to unveil the Pitchometer against—a pitcher like Camilo Pascual, who is particularly good and also particularly slow. You want to annoy, upset and maybe even cow the opposing pitcher, but more than anything else you want to surprise and delight the crowd. And, as in all gags, you want to make the rest of the world kick itself for not being there.

I was so intent upon getting the maximum value out of my Pitchometer that I got no value out of it at all. Before it was unveiled, I was out of baseball. It still sits there in the depths of Comiskey Park, complete with siren, like a leashed tiger, unheard, unseen.

The scoreboard can also be an aid and comfort during those long, dreary passages when the game is delayed by rain. While I have known people who enjoy taking long walks in the rain, I have yet to find the man who gets any pleasure out of sitting in it.

In the scoreboard you have a prefabricated fresh-air theater, built for rainy-day entertainment. All you have to do is set up a closed-circuit television screen and you can entertain your fans with anything from a follow-the-bouncing-baseball community sing to the pictures of last year's World Series. You can even run interviews from the dressing room or press box. You are bound by nothing except taste and imagination.

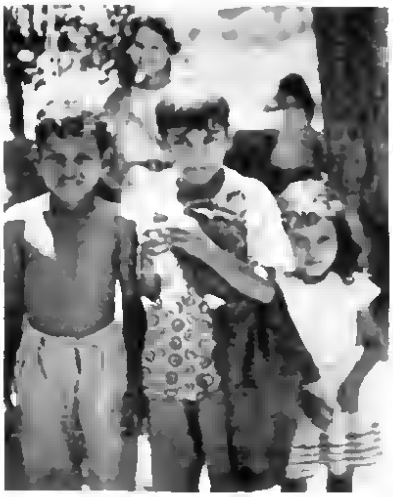
In Chicago we had plastic rain capes to pass out to the customers when it rained. (Since we had a contact in the weather bureau we were able to get information far enough in advance to have the capes distributed by the time the rains came.) This was a great promotion because we were showing the fans that they were human beings to us, not just a damp, sticky mass. Still, if you are going to be a hustler you must always be looking for somebody else to pay the bill. In this case it was Pepsi-Cola, which proudly emblazoned its name across the back of the capes. The fans were happy with their capes, Pepsi-Cola was happy with the advertising and I was happy because I had touched all bases. I have very little use for any man who would knock universal joy and happiness.

The advertising doesn't detract from the gift. It adds to it. What you have to understand is that we are living in the age of television, which means that the smallest child is aware that "sustaining" is a synonym for failure (they'll be off the air in 16 weeks), while to be spon-

continued



Last month Lloyd Purdy sent food packages to Mrs. Chong Soo Lee for the youngsters of Seoul, Korea . . .



A new school was started for the children of Puente Alto, Honduras . . .

. . . all because an unusual group of insurance men really care

A special report from Insurance Company of North America

It all began with a unique people-to-people program sponsored by the independent agents and brokers of Insurance Company of North America—20,000 men and women, from southern California to northern Canada.

As a result of this INA "Friendship Program," a CARE package is being sent to someone in Europe, South America, Africa or Asia for every INA business "package" policy sold in the United States and Canada during the three-month period from April 1 to June 30.

. . . a person-to-person expression of friendship and concern for his fellowman from the independent insurance man who sold the package policy.

The results of the program have been astonishing . . . far greater than any of us had predicted in our forecasts.

More than 70 of our agents in New Mexico, for example, have joined forces to help others help themselves, through CARE, in the construction of a school for 100 children in Puente Alto, Honduras. The villagers themselves will assist in the construction of the school and food preparation center.

B. B. Grimes of Hohenwald, Tenn., asked that his CARE packages be sent directly to Paul Hom in Hong Kong.

Ivar Seger and Charles Hart wrote an INA package policy on a Wisconsin school district. As a result, CARE Classroom Equipment Kits are on their way to school children in Iran, Chile, Colombia, Panama and Ecuador.

And the Los Angeles agents are currently working together on a project to help rebuild a school, recently devastated by an earthquake in Chile.

Dave Sprague has tagged his CARE packages in the form of teaching kits for Literacy Village in India. And other INA agents are sending carpenter kits, tools and other self-help packages to people in 38 countries.

During the first month of the INA "Friendship Program," the independent insurance agents and brokers in the United States and Canada earned 800,000 pounds of food for undernourished people all over the world.

We're proud of their generous response to this unique people-to-people program. It truly demonstrates their deep concern and friendly interest in people everywhere.

The good being done by their program—the thousands of glasses of milk, the wholesome nutritious meals, the tools to help themselves, the mended lives, the chance for an all-important education—is an inspiration to all of us.

Bradford Smith, Jr President

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA

World Headquarters: Philadelphia

INA



NOW SELLING AT THE CLEARANCE PRICE OF $5

THE SPECTACLE OF SPORT

The book that captures the spirit and color of everyone's favorite sports

As handsome a book as has ever come off the press, *The Spectacle of Sport* contains the best of the early issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

- 202 pages of full-color photographs, brilliantly shot and faultlessly reproduced
- Dozens of sparkling stories by famous writers on baseball, boxing, fishing, football, sailing, tennis, track, skiing, hockey, racing, hunting, surfing, etc
- At its regular price of $15, The Spectacle of *Sport* sold some 45,000 copies. Now we are offering the remaining supply at just $5 each
- For yourself—or for a truly memorable gift—use this coupon to order clearance-price copies. It's a timeless anthology that merits a permanent place on your shelves

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Book Department 7105
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill 60611

Please send_____ copies of *The Spectacle of Sport* and bill me later at the clearance price of just $5 each. I understand that the supply is limited and this order will be filled only as long as copies remain



name (please print)

address

city state zip code

sored is to have achieved the ultimate success.

The same situation existed when we gave away bats. Originally we gave them away ourselves. In the end they bore the Coca-Cola label. The kids were delighted with receiving a gift from both the White Sox and Coca-Cola.

Suppose you do not have an electric scoreboard, though. How are you going to provide fun and frolic in the rain? Well, what have you got to work with? The first thing that happens when it rains is that a marching band of poker players runs out to pull the tarpaulin over the field. A tarpaulin is, to all practical purposes, a horizontal billboard. If you can get a sponsor for a rain cape, think what you should be able to do with a tarpaulin covering an area of 110 feet by 110 feet.

Logically, it would seem only a matter of figuring out the best possible tie-in. At least that's what I thought. When I was in Chicago I offered the Morton Salt people exclusive tarpaulin rights for their slogan, "When It Rains It Pours"—which I thought was a cute idea. They somehow didn't. Ah well, there must be a tie-in somewhere with Diamond salt.

If you were looking for a sponsor today, how about those people who make the cereal from Checkerboard Square? We could print a checkerboard pattern on the tarpaulin and have the checker champion on each ball club battle it out. To keep the game from dragging, we would have pretty girls in bathing suits hopping around on the tarpaulin to represent the checker pieces.

If we really want to go highbrow we can make it a chess game. Hey, we could hire a roving band of midgets and dress them in costumes that would be exact replicas of each chess piece. Gee, wouldn't that be great!

But, again, never advertise what you're going to do. Let them wonder. Have the fans hoping it will rain just to see what you've dreamed up for them this time. And maybe the people who didn't come to the game will look to the skies, as they sit in their lonely offices, and wonder too.

Now that we are well versed in the fundamentals we can proceed to individual promotions.

DATE NIGHT. This is a promotion that is designed particularly for Washington. Government work has been luring single unattached females into Washington for countless years, and neither the New Deal, the New Frontier nor the Great Society has been able to solve the problem of Washington's shortage of eligible—or even available—males.

Washington also happens to be a city whose social life revolves around embassy parties—which leaves the average working girl and the average working guy without very much to do. The mechanics of bringing them together are simple enough. On the designated night, single men will be sold only the even-numbered seats, and single women only the odd-numbered ones. For those timid ladies who prefer to come in pairs, we will have a few sections where they can buy two seats together with the men's seats flanking them on each side.

Once they're in the park they're on their own, although it should be perfectly evident that the spirit of the night will make the introductions natural and easy. As hosts, we just might feel called upon to provide party favors and entertainment. And, of course, the dance we will hold on the ball field after the game should provide ample opportunity for all new friends to test their congeniality.

LIGHT TOWERS. I have already mentioned that I had projects galore to present in conjunction with the scoreboard. Its main identifying feature, the small war that follows a home run, was designed to make the home run the great exciting event it used to be. Everything loses its novelty, though, and you have to be alert for the time when the fireworks are dismissed as just another border incident.

The inspiration for the exploding scoreboard came to me, as I have publicly confessed, from the rousing pinball finale in Saroyan's *Time of Your Life*. Back when Saroyan and I were both boys, I was impressed just as strongly by the tremendously imaginative stage effects in the production *All Quiet on the Western Front*, in which the director was able to create the illusion that a battle was taking place by flashing the stage lights off and on in weird and remarkable combinations.

Well, we have lights in the ball park too. They sit atop those huge light towers and seem to look down over the park like great birds of prey. By attaching a rheostat to each tower we would be able to feed prepunched tapes through the circuit and have the lights flashing on and off in any pattern we

continued

Wake up to Dial. No other soap has AT-7 to get rid of odor-causing bacteria. So no other soap keeps you so fresh for so long. Just Dial.



Which is the Guest of ALBERT PICK?



MR. CRESS FOX
South Bend, Indiana



MRS. CRESS FOX
South Bend, Indiana

The smiling one,* of course. He—and she—stay at Albert Pick Hotels and Motels, because they like being treated as real people, and they appreciate getting good food, good service and good value for their travel dollars.

ALBERT PICK

HOTELS MOTELS

For **QUICK-PICK** confirmation of reservations call any Albert Pick Hotel/Motel, reservation office, or your travel agent.

Your travel dollars will go further too, once you "go Albert Pick." Our hotels and motels stretch from New York to California, Montreal to Miami Beach

PICK HOTELS: Birmingham / Chicago / Cleveland / Columbus, O. / Detroit / Flint, Mich. / Minneapolis / New York (Belmont Plaza) / Pittsburgh / St. Louis / South Bend / Toledo / Washington, D.C. **Canada,** Montreal (Windsor) / Toronto (Lord Simcoe)

ALBERT PICK MOTELS: Atlanta (Pick Ceeri) / Chattanooga / Chicago (Weller's Motor Lodge) / Colorado Springs / Columbus, O. (Nationwide Inn) / E. Lansing, Mich. / Harrisburg, Pa. (Nationwide Inn) / Houston (Roman Inn) / Huntsville, Ala. / Louisville / Miami Beach / Minneapolis (Biltmore Motor Hotel) / Mobile, Ala. / Montgomery / Nashville / Natchez, Miss. / Rockford, Ill. / Sacramento (Caravan Inn) / San Antonio / Springfield, Mo. (Lamplighter Motor Hotel) / St. Louis / Tallahassee (Driftwood Motel) / Terre Haute, Ind.

RESERVATION OFFICES: Atlanta / Boston / Chicago / Los Angeles / Milwaukee / New York / Philadelphia / San Francisco / Seattle / Washington, D.C.

Latest to join the Albert Pick family are

Atlanta, Ga.
Pick Ceeri Motel

Houston, Texas
The Roman Inn

Minneapolis (Edina), Minn.
Biltmore Motor Hotel

Montreal, Que.
Windsor Hotel

Sacramento, Calif.
Caravan Inn

San Antonio, Texas
Albert Pick Motel

Springfield, Mo.
Lamplighter Motor Hotel

Toronto, Ont.
Lord Simcoe Hotel

Pick Hotels Corporation • 20 North Wacker Drive • Chicago, Illinois 60606 • Albert Pick, Jr., President

ANNOUNCE NEW WAY TO SHRINK PAINFUL HEMORRHOIDS

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain. Thousands have been relieved—without resort to surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.



Your gift speaks for America when you feed hungry people with $1 Food Crusade packages through CARE, New York 10016.

desired, even to the spelling out of names. With those lights flashing on and off against the dark background of the night, and the bombs and the sound track blasting away from the scoreboard, it would seem as if the whole city were under attack.

I had something else worked out in conjunction with the flashing of the park lights. I was going to have a siren attached to the bottom of every light post, each one in a different key.

As the batter hits a home run and starts around the bases the first siren sounds, then, a pitch higher, comes a second siren and then a third and a fourth until—as the runner heads for the plate—he is accompanied by a full siren concert, a wild and exultant chord. If it is done right, we should achieve nothing short of pandemonium.

This is a good promotion, as I think you will agree, but it is not yet a hustler's promotion. It's too expensive. Before it becomes a promotion that will heat up the cockles of a hustler's heart, you have to find somebody who will quietly pick up the check while you are sitting by being humble but taking all the credit. You also have to find somebody who can take care of the countless details that surround any good promotion. My man was Rudie Schaffer, and come to think of it, if he hadn't been around, there wouldn't have been much credit to begin with.

I don't think it would be very hard to sell a few advertisements on your light towers, since all eyes will automatically be turned to them (to say nothing of the devouring eye of the TV camera) as soon as the ball disappears and the lights begin to flash. Experience tells me that we'd have to call in reinforcements to beat the advertisers off. TICKETS: A ticket is the one thing you put into every customer's hand. There is no reason, therefore, not to have the tickets working for you. When I was operating in Chicago I put pictures of the White Sox players on the backs of all our tickets, thereby capitalizing on the picture-collecting madness that hits all kids of a certain age. The old man brought the pictures home to his kid, the kid had a collection going and we had an advertisement in the house.

(That's why you give out schedules. Schedules are conveniences to the fans, but they are also an advertisement for the ball clubs. That is why you should make your scorecards so interesting that

continued



For Father's Day, smart Puritan Brookmates! The shirts: famous Full-Fashioned BAN-LON® Knits of 100% DUPONT NYLON. Walk shorts: 65% "DACRON"†, 35% cotton. This is Sportswear! See the Puritan-Reno Nevada Exhibit at the N.Y. World's Fair.

*Textralized yarn, 100% DuPont nylon †DuPont trademark for its polyester fiber

BAN-LON KNITS BY PURITAN®

THE PURITAN SPORTSWEAR CORP., 135 W. 50TH ST., NYC



If you're not sure of your taste in ties for Father's Day, wrap one this way.

Not every man cares for paisley print neckties, but show us a Scotch drinker who doesn't like Chivas Regal and we'll show you a greatly astonished distiller.

Why is Chivas such a sure gift?

What a foolish question.

Anything made of the finest Strathisla-Glenlivet whiskies in an ancient Scottish distillery and aged for twelve weather-filled Highland years would be a great gift.

Happily for us, only Chivas Regal meets all these conditions. Other Scotches may try, but they can't surpass it.

So far, in fact, it isn't even a tie.

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

fans will take them home as souvenirs instead of dropping them in the aisles.)

The pictures caught on so nicely that the kids began to go for the whole set. Their parents wouldn't call to ask for a seat in their favorite section—they'd ask for a seat in "the Nellie Fox section."

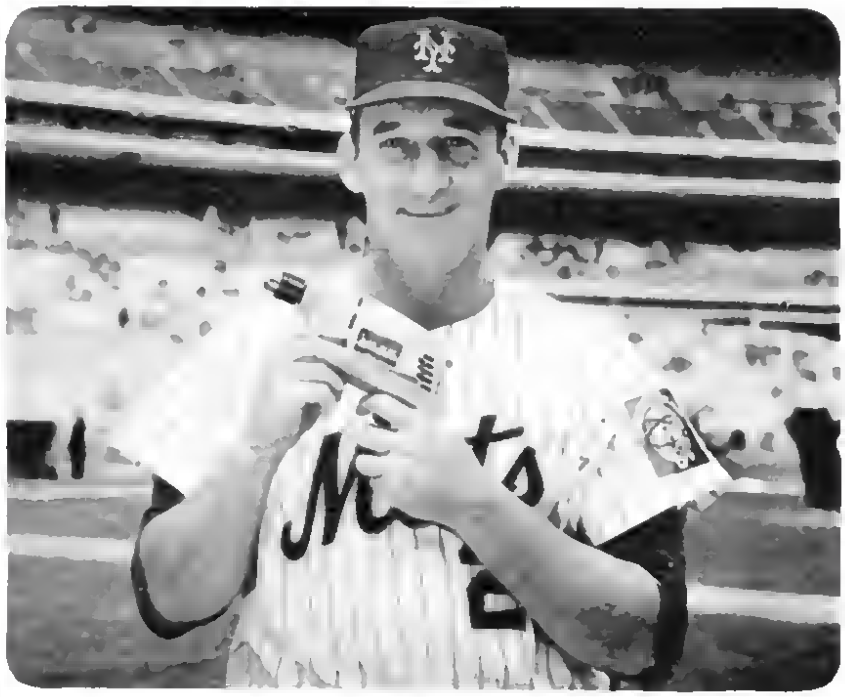
Once you begin to look upon the back of tickets as space on which you can doodle, other ideas have got to come to you. Like, say, a legalized pool? On the back of every ticket you list all the games for the coming week and invite the customers to guess the scores. What do you mean it isn't legal? You've made it legal by setting up an arrangement with some gentleman sportsman in Las Vegas. The customer has only to fill out the form, which is detachable, and mail it to the indicated address.

Look what you have accomplished. You have not only got the fan to study the entire schedule for the upcoming week, you have got him involved in the outcome of each game. You have, through your devious devices, shown him that you love him by giving him something extra, and you have once again helped yourself promotionally by getting your ticket into his home.

The tickets could also be used as ballots for various contests or public-opinion samplings. With all the talk about finding a commissioner who can fill the legendary Ford Frick's shoes (who can *what*?) wouldn't it be a capital idea to ask the fans to suggest a candidate of their own. There is a widespread feeling abroad in the land that baseball doesn't much care what its customers think ("Just leave your money at the box office and shaddup"). There has never, it would seem to me, been a better time to try to con them into thinking that they have a voice in the naming of the Chief Executive (in the naming of the *what*?). If universal suffrage is a good enough way to elect the President of the United States, it ought to be almost good enough for baseball.

HOME RUN DERBY: In Baltimore there is a television promotion I had a little something to do with. It goes like this: in every game, one inning is designated as the Home Run Derby inning. In order to participate, the radio listener or TV viewer sends in the label of one of the beer sponsor's six-packs along with the inning in which he wants to be represented. Since the HR Derby moves from inning to inning, day by day, you know

continued



This new kind of Skil drill taught Warren Spahn something about control!

Leave it to workshop enthusiast Spahn to diacover something new about control. Thia time with a new Skil Trigger Speed Control Drill instead of a baseball.

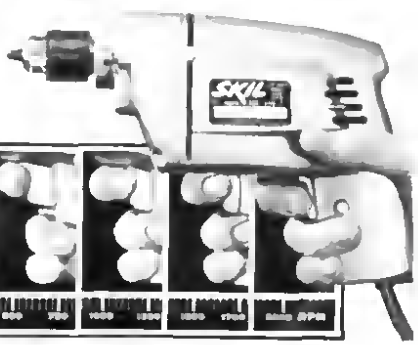
Just squeeze the trigger for any speed from 0 to 2000 rpm. Works just like the accelerator on your car. For the first time you match the exact drill speed to the material you're drilling—plastic, wood, masonry, metal—even glass. And you handle 'em all as easily aa Warren handles a home run slugger.

Another plus! You can use the TSC drill as a precision driver, too. Simply exchange the drill bit for a driver bit, start slow to set screw, then apeed up until it's snug.

As Warren Spahn told ua: "There isn't a drilling or driving application I've tried that can't be done either faster, eaaier or with more accuracy than with my Skil Trigger Speed Control drill."

See for yourself. Skil TSC drills are available at better hardware and lumber dealers everywhere. In ¼", ⅜" and ½" aizes. Skil Corporation, 5033 Elston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60630.

Just squeeze the trigger for any speed from 0 to 2000 rpm.



PICK OF THE PROS

SKIL POWER TOOLS

You shave better with stainless steel ...now mow better with exclusive AMF/HOMKO STAINLESS STEEL BLADE

You know how stainless steel revolutionized shaving. Now AMF/Homko revolutionizes power mowing with its Stainless Steel Flexor Blade. Designed to give your lawn a "clean shave" time after time. Clean-cutting, rust-resistant, tempered to hold a cutting edge longer. Lightweight chrome "monorail" holds housing in suspension, permits instant one-hand control of cutting height. Wind tunnel housing keeps underside clean. Look for other great new "firsts" on the 1965 AMF/Homko rotaries. See them now at your dealer's.

There is an AMF/Homko Power Mower to Fit Every Need: Riders, Rotaries, Reels, Tillers.

Write today for full color brochure.

AMF WESTERN TOOL, INC.
Des Moines, Iowa 50302, Dept. SI-46

Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

Ride the AMF Monorail at the New York World's Fair!

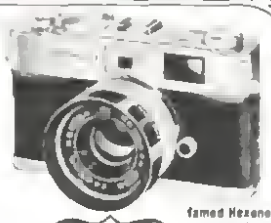


Model 1220—22" Free-Wheeling Rotary

FOR THE FUN OF IT . . .
ALCORT
Sailfish® · Sunfish



ALCORT, INC., Dept. SI-65
Box 1345, Waterbury, Connecticut
In Canada: Sailfish Sportscraft, Ltd.
59 Industrial Road, Richmond Hill, Ontario
Send color folders on Sailfish, Sunfish, Catfish.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____



famed Hexanon 45mm f1.8 lens

This $100 lens comes complete with a few free components.

Like: Full range CdS electric eye inside lens mount • "No Go" feature to prevent shooting in insufficient light • Expanding/contracting frame viewfinder to autometically show exactly what you get on the film • Battery check button • Built-in self timer • M and X flash synch at all speeds to 1/500 • Short stroke film advance • Collapsible accessory lens hood

We call the whole package
Konica Auto-S2
35mm Rangefinder Camera (under $100) plus case

This is what we mean by, "the *lens* alone is worth the price." See your dealer today!

KONICA CAMERA CORPORATION
257 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10010
A BERKEY PHOTO TECHNICAL COMPANY

that a lot of people are going to send in nine entries so that they will be in the running no matter which inning is chosen.

In the designated inning, each batter is hitting for a contestant whose name has been picked out of the box. If the first batter steps up and hits a home run for Mr. Smith, then Mr. Smith has won $1,000. If the batter does not hit a home run, Mr. Smith is entitled to 10 tickets to any game of his choosing, and the next batter comes to the plate to flex his muscles for Mr. Jones. If nobody hits a home run during the inning, the prize goes to $1,100 the following day.

O.K. A good promotion if you happen to be the beer company sponsoring the ball game. If you are the operator of the ball club, nothing. Less than nothing. The guy staying home watching the game is getting more out of it than the customer in the park.

So why not do the same thing inside the park, using the license-plate numbers of the customers? You hire a reputable auditing firm to send a representative around the parking lot to jot down about 100 different plate numbers from widely scattered sections. As each batter comes to the plate in the HR Derby inning, somebody from the same firm will draw one of the numbers out of a hat.

Now you have some real excitement. The guy hearing his name called out at home has nobody except himself and his immediate family to get excited for him. In the park a guy jumps up and shouts "That's *me*." The announcement of each license-plate number is awaited with great anticipation, followed by the groan of disappointment and then the renewed buzzing as everybody looks around to see whether he has a winner in his section.

Each guy will have his whole section rooting for him. If you yourself don't win, you can at least go home and say that a guy only a few rows back from you did.

Got the idea? All right, your homework for tonight is to bring in three new and highly stimulating promotions of your own. You can forget anything I may have said about a hustler being entitled to steal other people's ideas with impunity. Just remember that neatness and originality count, and we don't sign any waivers. In return, we will send you our National Girl Scout Ticket, Left-handed Third Basemen, Manage the Club in Spring Training, Be a Broadcaster and 100 other promotions. **END**



They're only a little different from yours. Maybe two strokes.

AT THESE prices, maybe you'd expect to find something flashy and far-out about Arnold Palmer's clubs.

You won't. Arnie never went for gimmicks.

All you get for your money is a set of weapons that are made to function as if your life and honor depended on every stroke.

Ten years went into these sticks. Ten years of filing, sawing, tinkering, hammering, testing, swearing, re-designing and re-testing, by one of the game's undisputed geniuses.

One day all the details clicked. Then Arnie put his clubs into production, with his own company, under his personal supervision.

He saw to it that nearly every man in the shop was a golfer, many of them with handicaps you'd envy.

He made it a rule that every club head must be weighed, measured and buffed like jewelry. That every shaft must be individually matched to its head. That every club in the set must balance at the same point on the shaft, so that all would swing alike.

Why all this fuss? Because the whole point of a golf club is to let you forget you're using it. With a poorly matched set, you're always compensating for variations in feel. With Arnie's clubs, one sweet swing bosses every club in the bag

Only your golf professional can sell you Arnold Palmer clubs. It takes a pro to fit you properly. Once that's done, get a bucket of balls and start swinging.

Soon you'll feel something strange happening to you — maybe for the first time. You're no longer fighting your clubs. You're fighting the *ball.*

It's a very small difference. Like between night and day.

Arnold Palmer Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

SOLD BY GOLF PROFESSIONAL SHOPS ONLY
MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA BY CAMPBELL

Arnie's own.



*T M 's of Arnold Palmer Co.

A short walk really isn't much exercise, so former West Point Trackman **Edward White** (*below*), who still holds the cadet record for the 400-meter hurdles, was running on the beach last week. After all, he was going to be spending all but 20 minutes of four days confined in a capsule with no sporting activity other than hearing a report of his son's Little League achievements. Young Eddie, he was bulletined, went one for three as the Dodgers—Eddie's team—beat the Yankees 11–10.

Duke Snider was a fine ballplayer, and he may become just as good a manager, but he will never make it as a psychologist. As his Spokane Indians were taking the field against Portland, Snider noticed that Beaver Pitcher Tommy Kelley was wearing a red belt. All the other Beavers wore black belts. Kelley, you see, had attended Cleveland's spring training camp and had brought back his belt. He had worn it in his first game, won and had continued wearing it through nine consecutive victories. But as Kelley prepared to face Spokane, Snider strode to the plate and, in a tone of command, barked to Portland Manager Johnny Lipon, "Get that man into uniform!" Off came the Pacific Coast League-leading pitcher's red belt. On went a black one. Kelley, de-individualized, wound up for the first pitch. Ball one. One hundred twenty-seven pitches later, it was clear that his luck had changed. Instead of merely winning, Kelley pitched a no-hitter.



Elizabeth Taylor and **Richard Burton** were in Elmira, N.Y. over the Memorial Day weekend. They hiked and played croquet and agreed they had had "a real fine time." Then the couple, after a first date arranged by friends who thought it fitting that they should meet, separated and began their respective summer vacations from Atlantic Union College and Furman.

When **Bear Bryant** forsook Texas A&M to return to alma mater Alabama back in 1958, he explained that the offer to coach at 'Bama was "just like hearing Mama call." Well, Mama is calling again. This time she is offering the governorship of Alabama. The legislative movement to change a state law which prevents George Wallace from succeeding himself now seems likely to fail, and Wallace himself would probably prefer to run for the Senate. Political insiders say Bryant almost certainly will run for governor and almost certainly will be elected. Bear is reported to have a million dollars' financial support already. Bryant is even expected to carry the Auburn vote, on the premise that the Plainsmen will fare better with him in the governor's mansion than where he is now.

San Francisco Manager **Herman Franks** thinks the way some of his players have been teaching English to **Masanori Murakami**, his Japanese pitcher, is funny—but not *that* funny. "I don't think Murakami knows what he is saying," complains Franks. "Every time I speak to him he answers, 'Take a hike.' "

To the dismay and disgust of Texans, a Pennsylvania high school all-star football team beat a Texas team last fall (SI, Aug. 10, 1964), and Governor **William Scranton** has Governor **John Connally**'s ten-gallon hat and spurs to prove it. Since an intrastate Texas all-star game was occurring at the same time, many Texans felt they had not sent their best to Pennsylvania. Well, Texas gets another chance this summer, and Scranton has already issued his challenge. He wants to bet Connally 1,061 apples—one for each college football player produced by Pennsylvania last year.

Former Middleweight Champion **Sugar Ray Robinson**, who says he wants one more try at Joey Giardello's title, may take over Sammy Davis' title role in *Golden Boy* instead. In Honolulu for an exhibition bout (which he lost), Robinson said he studied the musical's script in preparation for a possible Broadway debut in October.

Vacationing at Caneel Bay Plantation in the Virgin Islands, **Mrs. Lyndon Johnson** wasn't at all dismayed by lowering skies and high winds. Attired in a canary yellow bathing suit and a face mask, Lady Bird was busy snorkeling.

The **Mets** had sunk to new depths, as scores proved. Oberlin 10, Mets 5. Western Reserve 8, Mets 4; Emory University 10, Mets 0; Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity of the University of Minnesota 8, Mets 7. And, after those four losses, their fans were deserting them. If the touring Metropolitan Opera softball team couldn't even beat broken-down college faculty members, the ballet girls said, who could be expected to maintain interest? True, the Mets' red-and-gold uniforms were pretty. Admittedly, they had the most melodious voices shouting encouragement from the outfield and the most expensive fingers stopping grounders. But 10–0 to Emory? Player-manager-third-baseman-first-trombonist Keith Brown answered criticism the way most managers do: he shuffled his lineup. It now reads:

Abe Marcus, percussion	ss
Roger Hiller, first clarinet	lf
Morley Meredith, baritone	p
Keith Brown, first trombone	3b
Bill Weibel, asst. conductor	cf
Earl Ringland, chorus	c
John Grande, asst. librarian	2b
Leonard Hindell, bassoon	rf
Herb Baker, percussion	1b

The real battle on Grand Prix tracks this season is not between Ferrari and Lotus or Surtees and Clark but between **Steve McQueen** and **John Frankenheimer**. Each is planning a film on auto racing and each wants to build up his supply of background footage at the big races. More than secondarily, each wants the other to get as little footage as possible. The two men spent a whole week glowering at each other across the lobby of the Hôtel de Paris in Monaco and revving up their engines while they waited for the Monte Carlo Grand Prix to start. Frankenheimer claimed he had the film rights to the Monte Carlo, and Monte Carlo officials agreed. Steve McQueen? Well, he intimated he was just stopping off on his way back from signing up the Nurburgring and Reims races Frankenheimer, not to be outdone, claimed exclusive contracts with all Grand Prix races in 1965 and 1966. Don't bet against a collision at the next curve.

"What I do after the game's over is my own business," said Houston Outfielder **Lee Maye**, and then lifted his splendid tenor voice in song for a nightclub that is suing the Astros. M. M. Stewart, owner of the Dome Shadows nightclub, admits that he contracted Maye with malice aforethought: the player's presence dramatizes Stewart's opposition to exclusive use of the word "Dome" by the Astros. But there was an added benefit: Lee's voice attracted an audience of 1,000. Or was it really the voice? Maybe it's just that any Dome packs 'em in.



When the Woodruffs go on a trip, they take along everything except a lot of cash.

They don't need a lot of extra cash. Not with a Gulf credit card.

With a Gulf card you can charge just about everything you need on a trip.

NO-NOX* 4-power premium gasoline, for instance. Gulfpride* Single-G Motor Oil. And all the services you find at every Gulf dealer's.

You can even charge motel rooms and meals at all Holiday Inns of America.

Naturally, you'll need a little cash on a trip, for tolls and souvenirs. But why carry extra money around when you can use your Gulf credit card?

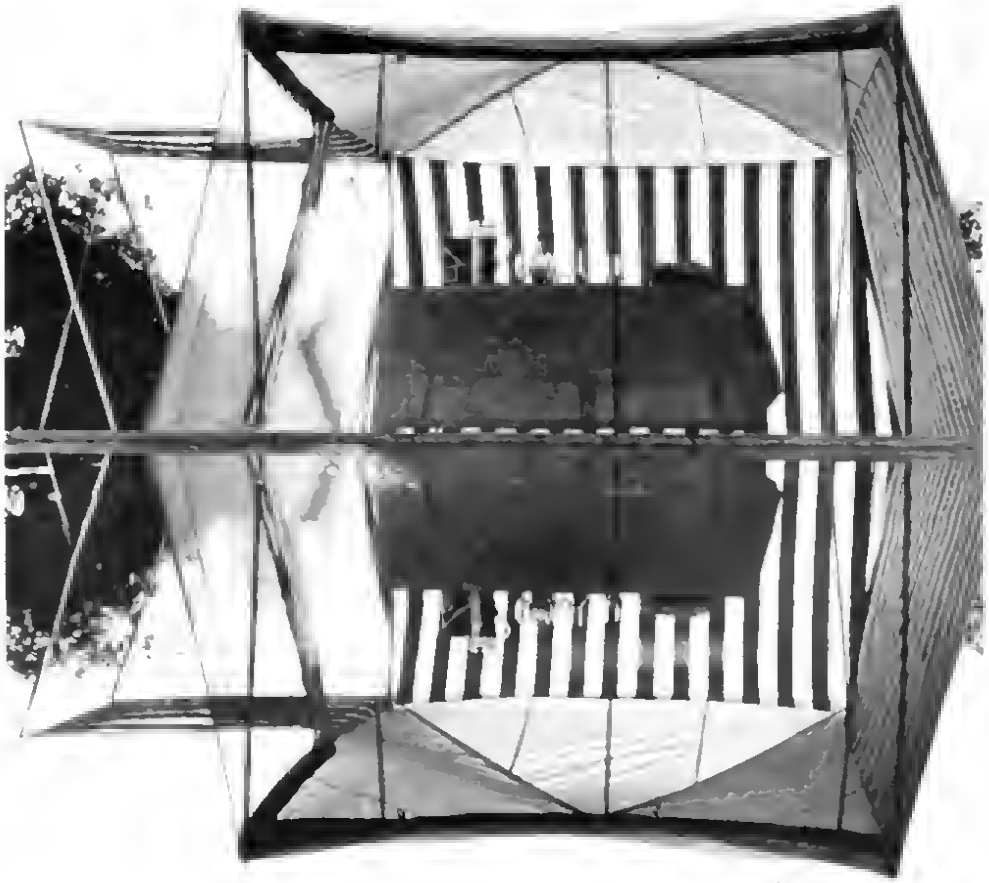
Pick up a credit card application where your driving takes a turn for the best, at the Sign of the Orange Disc.

Gulf

Gulf Oil Corporation



The hexegonal bubble tent et left pulls smoothly out on e telescopic treck inside the eight-foot tube etop the stetion wegon. It unfolds end zips into piece in 1½ minutes end needs no stakes. The striped gazebo et right is equally self-sufficient: the curved febric roof under stress needs no center pole or ropes.



What ever happened to the ridgepole tent?

The surf caster in the picture at left is fishing at the break of day on the Pacific Coast. He spent the night on the beach in a tent which seems to have been invented for him. This lightweight, foolproof shelter is the design of Bill Moss, the man who gave us the Pop Tent and took camping out of the survival-of-the fittest era.

The most ingenious of the Moss tents, the Bubble is permanently attached to a station-wagon rack and completely self-contained. It pulls open in one move like a fan, and pushes back the same way.

The camping tent used to be a very drab affair, and its design had barely changed since the Civil War. It kept the outdoors out—but it took two men a good half hour to put up. The new tents are colorful and just as functional. They are made of lightweight high-count cotton poplin, waterproofed by a silicone treatment. Unlike the old-fashioned variety, which depended on inside posts and a ridgepole to shape the structure, Moss tents rely on fabric put under tension by flexible aluminum or fiber-glass rods.

The sky-blue-and-white Summer House above weighs 20 pounds in its box, measures 12 by 12 by 7 feet high, and costs $139. The four-man Bubble is 10 by 8 by 5 feet 10 inches and costs $225. Until they get into the stores later this summer, they can be obtained from Moss Tents, Inc., P.O. Box 54, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The newest Moss design is the Large Family Cave, a big freestanding tent with plenty of ventilation and a curved roof for air flow that will sleep six in comfort. It weighs 45 pounds complete with case, has a screen porch, takes 10 minutes to erect and costs $198. A smaller, four-man version is $139. It's a far cry from the dark little canvas caves of 10 years ago. **END**

FRED LYON

BASEBALL / *William Leggett*

The Sultan of Swat from Sparrows Point

At 20 years of age brown-eyed Ron Swoboda has become a hero to rival Marvelous Marv Throneberry in the affections of New York Met fans, and he has also become a genuine major-league home run hitter

Let us pause here for just a moment and give thanks to some of those great New York Mets of the past who have helped make it possible for Ron Swoboda to become the most exciting Met of all time. Here's to B. G. Smith and Sammy Drake. To Herb Moford and Harry Chiti. Ray Daviault and Larry Elliot. Hobie Landrith and Rick Herrscher.

Ever since 1962, when the Mets first fought their way to 120 defeats, the people of New York have been restlessly tapping their toes, rubbing their eyes, praying and even crying for a Met who would be unlike all other Mets. This Met had to be different from Marvelous Marv Throneberry, Elio Chacon, Jay Hook, Al Moran, Joe Ginsberg and Choo Choo Coleman. An excellent fielder? Nah! Base stealer? Hardly. A 20-game winner? Maybe, but a pitcher isn't enough. The Met of everyone's dreams had to be a bomber, a long-ball hitter, a slugger. For three seasons now the Mets' "official" song (several thousand records of the song have been purchased by hopeful Met fans) has blared out each day. "The Mets are really socking the ball. Knocking those home runs over the wall." Except for the Mets' maiden season, when Frank Thomas hit 34 home runs, the song expresses hope rather than fact, but the dream persists. The ideal Met, then, would combine the power of Thomas with, say, the appealing gaucherie of Marvelous Marv. In short, the desired Met had to be an all-purpose folk hero. Ron Swoboda, who is only 20 and comes from Sparrows Point, Md. and has a Chinese step-grandfather, is that man.

His first hit in the major leagues, as a pinch hitter in the 11th inning, was a home run. His second hit, again as a pinch hitter, was another homer. He hit home runs into the bleachers at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, over the bullpen at Shea Stadium in New York, onto the road back of Crosley Field in Cincinnati, into the old seats in Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia and into the empty ones in Milwaukee. He hit 11 homers in the first two months of the season, one for every 12 times at bat. Harmon Killebrew of the Minnesota Twins has a lifetime home-run frequency of one for every 13.2 times at bat. Babe Ruth averaged one every 11.8 times at the plate. "Swoboda hits a baseball farther than anyone who has ever played," said Ralph Kiner, who hit 369 of them himself.

Along with his majesty at the plate Swoboda has also made some majestically Metsian plays in the field. He fell while running up the incline in center field in Cincinnati, he called a teammate off a ball in New York and then failed to make the catch himself, and he lost an easy fly ball in the sun with the bases loaded in St. Louis, which helped the Mets dissipate a 7–0 lead. He walked off third base one night in Philadelphia thinking he had been tagged out when he had not been. After he was tagged out for real somebody asked him where he was going. "I was going out to lunch," he replied.

The result of all this? Adulation. On Memorial Day in Chicago's Wrigley Field a large banner was raised in the bleachers by a group of teen-agers. It read, RON SWOBODA IS REALLY CLARK KENT. In Pittsburgh two youngsters came to Forbes Field wearing identical T shirts with the immaculately lettered message, HEY RON, HIT NO. 12. In Shea Stadium in New York, a girl in her late teens strolled through the lower box seats with No. 14 ("His number!") sewn on the back of an expensive blouse. Two weeks ago Swoboda went to early Mass in Flushing, N.Y. with his parents. "It's a strange parish to me," he said. "I don't know anyone in it." As the Swobodas

continued



HIS MASTER'S VOICE provokes deep concentration in young Swoboda. After listening to Stengel's comments on several glaring misplays, Swoboda resolved to bear down on his fielding





For the man who leads a double life...

Elgin has a proper watch for each!

The all-purpose, wear-it-everywhere watch has had it. • The watch that looks well with a sport coat doesn't with a dinner jacket. The hand that powers the trident spear takes on new grace when swirling champagne. • A watch is the most important jewelry you own. From the dozens of Elgin and Lord Elgin watches choose just the style you need. The slim wafer of a watch that is so ultra among the in. Or a sturdy, bold sports watch. *Now is the time to buy your second watch. Which Elgin will it be?*

*When case, crown and crystal are gold. All prices plus Federal Tax.

ELGIN
where quality is a tradition



left an usher tugged Ron's sleeve and handed him a piece of paper. "Ron," he said, "would you please sign this?"

His mother said later, "Little old ladies came over to touch him and wish him well. His father and I were amazed that people even knew him. We just stood back and watched, and my eyes filled. He's only 20, and I wonder to myself how he's going to take all this. Three years ago he was chosen for the Hearst Sandlot game in New York, and he brought his uniform home in a box and took it upstairs. When he came down he had the uniform on and he was flipping a baseball up in the air. 'Mom,' he said, 'tell me the truth. Do I look like a big-league baseball player?' When I told him he did he got a nice smile on his face, and he was proud. I said to myself, 'You know, he really does look like a major league ballplayer, and he *believes* he is going to be one.' Millions of boys think that, but how many think it as hard as Ron?"

The fielding lapses, the mental errors, the big home runs, the anecdotes and thinking hard combine to build up the pressures on Swoboda. He lost his temper at one of his own mistakes recently and crushed his batting helmet to a pulp, and Casey Stengel promptly pulled him out of the lineup. Stengel decided he would play his young star only against certain types of pitchers, basically left-handers and basically fast-ball pitchers. Stengel had Swoboda sit next to him on the bench, and he talked baseball to him and pointed things out—things that 20-year-olds do not see as well as 75-year-olds. Swoboda, unlike many others, seemed to understand the old man.

"My whole trouble," he explained, "is that I have to bear down all the time or things happen. I haven't had this kind of trouble fielding ever before, and now I'm working to bear down." Last Friday evening in Pittsburgh he came out of the clubhouse at Forbes Field before any of his teammates. He threw balls at the big green scoreboard in left field and caught them as they bounced back. He chased flies hit by the Pirate batting practice hitters, and he asked Met Coach Yogi Berra to hit him fly balls, "again and again and again." He chased so many that he developed cramps in his legs.

At breakfast the next morning he said, seriously, "It should be easier to play in the majors because everything is made easier for you. People tell funny stories about me, but that's part of baseball. I remember in spring training two years ago I hit a pop foul and I watched the catcher waiting for it to come down. I stood right there even though he was right next to me. Ball hit me right on the head."

That story helped the hero image, but then Swoboda asked me what time it was. When he was told it was 10:45 he said he had to run for the team bus. The bus was not scheduled to leave for the ball park until 11 and most of the other Mets were lounging around, waiting until the last minute. Not Swoboda. He rushed. "I'm the guy who can't afford to be late," he explained. END

Get a new grip on your game



Get more positive club control for greater accuracy and lower scores...with the Edmont Super-Grip golf glove. Always stays soft...won't crack or stiffen like leather. And, it *never* loses its grip, wet or dry.

Snug fit for sensitive touch, too. The glove material stretches for easy on and off. Wrist strap has handy snap-on ball marker...no more fumbling for coins.

The Super-Grip is cool and comfortable. Normal hand movements help circulate air through the mesh back and impregnated palm.

Longer-wearing, too. The Super-Grip is tough. Palm is vinyl impregnated for durability. Glove is washable. Won't shrink or lose its grip...*ever*.

Try one. Buy one (only $3). At your pro shop in men's and women's sizes and assorted colors for right or left hands. Next to professional instructions, the Edmont Super-Grip is the best way to get a new grip on your game.

Win a Caribbean golfing vacation for two

Nothing to buy! Enter Edmont's exciting Tee-to-Green Sweepstakes*. You could be the Grand Prize winner of a week's all-expense-paid vacation for two at the famous Dorado Beach Hotel and Golf Club, in Puerto Rico. Entry blanks are at your pro shop.

Edmont INC.
COSHOCTON, OHIO

*Sweepstakes void in Wisconsin and

If I were a man, I'd smoke White Owl Miniatures.

If you are a man,
take up with the small, trim, good-looking
cigar that makes you look good.
White Owl Miniature . . .
the little one.





BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

The safety play that led to ruin

Nowadays if someone aboard a cruise ship talks about the master of the bridge, he probably is not referring to the captain. So great is the popularity of shipboard contract bridge that scarcely a cruise liner sails without a bridge master to conduct lessons and organize the play. Nor is the fun confined to days at sea. Quite often, when a cruise ship anchors in a red-hot bridge port, the players on board play in a competition with the local experts, who are often internationally famous.

One of the most successful of the bridge masters is John Moran, a former member of the American International Team. On his most recent round-the-world jaunt aboard the Holland-America S.S. *Rotterdam*, he organized a ship-and-shore series when the ship touched Bombay. First, 24 members of the world-famous Willingdon Sports Club came aboard for an afternoon of duplicate and tea in which each played with a passenger-partner drawn by lot.

The guests included many of India's very best players who next day turned hosts for an exhibition of golf and bridge. Johnny modestly cites a hand (*below*) from that match on which he was the victim of a wily defensive play by an outstanding Indian star, Y. Curmally.

Moran reports that it was very easy to get along with the Indian players. They were happy to play 15-to-17-point no trumps, nonforcing Stayman, Blackwood and strong jump overcalls. Or, as he put it, "practically straight Goren."

Hence, the bidding requires little explanation. North's two-club bid asked South for a four-card major, the two-diamond response denied one, and North had plenty of points to warrant jumping to three no trump.

Dummy's queen covered the opening lead of the spade jack, and East topped the trick with his king. East returned the 2 of spades, ducked a second time by declarer, and Curmally won and led another spade to South's ace.

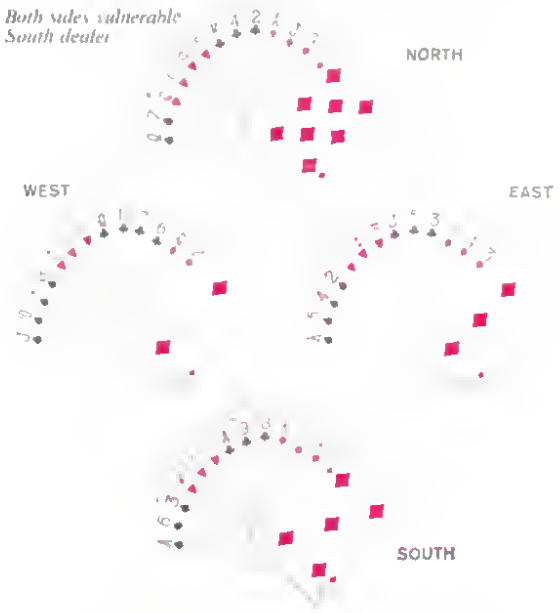
Moran led the king of hearts, forcing out West's ace, and here West made a Machiavellian coup. Instead of cashing his good spade he simply exited with a heart.

Looking at the favorable location of the queen of diamonds, every reader will agree with Moran's observation that even a blind beginner would have made three no trump. But because Curmally had not played a spade, Moran was persuaded that he had no more.

"Like an idiot," wrote Moran, "I found a safety play in diamonds. I led low to dummy's ace, returned the 8, and when East failed to cover I ducked the trick to the 'safe' hand. Thus I found a way to lose to the doubleton queen of diamonds." Needless to say, Curmally now "remembered" that his 9 of spades was good.

If it is any consolation to Johnny, I can only say that no one but a good player would have fallen into this wily Indian ambush.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (*Moran*)	WEST (*Curmally*)	NORTH (*Shivdasani*)	EAST (*Campos*)
1 N.T.	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead, jack of spades

EXTRA TRICK

Curmally's play is a coup worth remembering. If the trick you can cash is not enough to set the contract, maybe you can mislead the declarer by not cashing. But let me add this warning: I am not issuing an accident or health policy if you adopt this stratagem on a hand where partner has another trick but cannot get back to your hand to let you cash yours.

END



One great Dad deserves another!



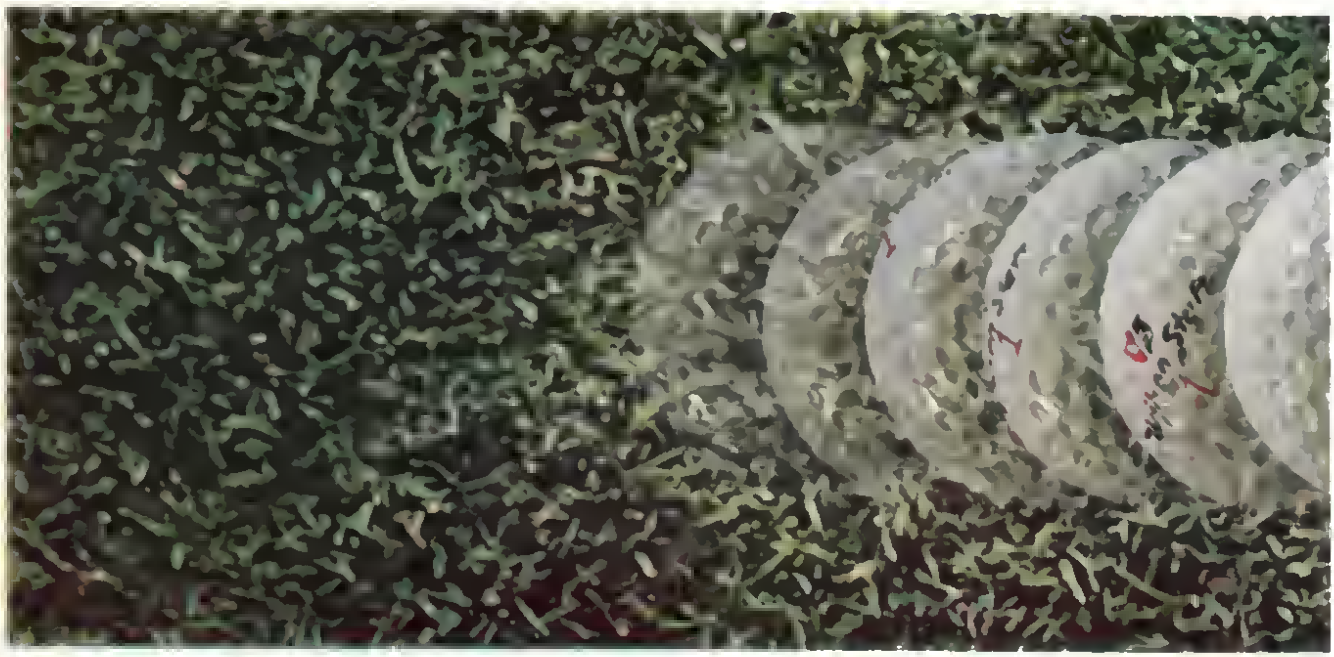
Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • 86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.



Two new Wilson Staff Balls–one for slammers,





NEW! HIGH COMPRESSION Wilson Staff golf ball.

one for swingers

Why the choice? Simply because some golfers are slammers and others are swingers. Slammers tend to over-compress a medium ball. And swingers usually don't compress a hard ball enough. The solution? Two great new Wilson Staff balls—one with the compression and "feel" that's exactly right for your swing. Each with a new cut-resistant cover that delivers a sweeter-sounding "click." Test drive a new Wilson Staff ball today. Direct route to birdie country.

Available only through golf professional shops

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co. Inc.)

NEW! MEDIUM COMPRESSION Wilson Staff golf ball.



Ready to try a great, fresh taste ?

Newport tastes fresher!



and tastes better than any other menthol cigarette!

Two stirring triumphs over men and the clock

Challenged as a aldom bafora, Naw Zealand's Pater Snall parsavarad to taka the mila from a determinad fiald in Los Angelas as Australia's Ron Clarka, running alone most of the way, pacad himself to two world records

It had been a prosperous year for U.S. distance runners, winners of two gold medals in the Olympics, and so the small recession they ran into last week at the Compton Invitational in chilly Los Angeles probably was to be expected. But the authority with which a pair of antipodal athletes, Australia's Ron Clarke and New Zealand's Peter Snell, beat their American opponents, seems to portend something far harsher than a recession. A first-rate depression might be more like it.

Clarke, who in each race chooses to face the agonizing challenge of a new world record, set two on his way to winning the 5,000-meter run. He lowered his own three-mile mark from 13:07.6 to 13:00.4 and his own 5,000-meter record from 13:33.6 to 13:25.8. Snell, who in each race feels challenged to maintain a reputation of invincibility, snuffed out a gang attack in the mile with a final lunge through the tape just when it seemed he might at last be beaten.

"Can you imagine two such different races?" asked the exhausted but vastly relieved Snell, whose time of 3:56.4 was matched by the runner-up Jim Grelle. "Clarkey in the 5,000 running all by himself, the complete master. Me in the mile, the so-called complete master, almost being mastered myself."

It was indeed a night of contrasts but, where Snell is concerned, this "almost" is probably as close to defeat as he will ever get again. The race launched him on a world tour that will end in August with his retirement from competitive running. It was also the race about which he was most apprehensive.

"I'm a wee bit disturbed about what could happen tomorrow night," he said before the race in the soft voice that is only a decibel above a Method actor's mumble. "I honestly think I could lose. You see, in order to prepare for two months of hard racing I've had to do a great deal of distance training. It's only in the last two weeks that I've been able to work on my speed."

There were five very good reasons why Snell, who plays his role as king of the mile with a subdued, uneasy fretfulness, should have been worried. He was to run against Josef Odlozil, the Czechoslovakian who had run second to him in the 1,500-meter run in the Tokyo Olympics, and four Americans, all of whom had posted mile times comfortably under four minutes. These were Jim Ryun, the boy who looks like a stork but who had won the mile in Modesto a week earlier in 3:58.1, two days before graduating from Wichita (Kans.) High School East; Bob Schul, the Olympic 5,000-meter champion, who was stepping down to the mile to certify his claim that from one mile to 5,000 meters he is the fastest runner in the U.S.; and Jim Grelle and Cary Weisiger. Besides, the Americans had a plot.

"Snell is going to have a surprise," announced Schul, who is just beginning to round into shape after a winter in which his usually rigorous training was slowed by a knee injury. "In the past Americans have always run against each other for second place in these races. That's over. We don't care who it is, but this time one of us is darn well going to try to beat Snell."

The plan, partially abandoned during

continued

POUNDING FOR TAPE, SNELL (RIGHT) HOLDS OFF JIM ORELLE AS RYUN COMES ON







the race, was for Schul, Grelle and Weisiger to exchange the lead at each quarter, hoping that competitive rust and a fast early pace would deaden the sting of Snell's long and powerful finishing kick. Ryun simply planned to produce a winning kick of his own.

It was shortly after 10 p.m. when the runners stripped off their warmup suits for the start of their race. The crowd of 12,160, disappointingly small, shivered in the damp 58° air and so did the six milers. Snell, dressed in black shirt and shorts, stood on the inside lane, nervously shaking his massive legs. It is these that make the New Zealander look so formidable. His hamstring muscles stand out from the backs of his thighs like short lengths of fire hose. His calves are so large they resemble grapefruits.

At the start Weisiger raced into the lead and towed the field, with Snell striding comfortably along in fourth, through a 58-second first quarter. Then Schul took over for a quarter, and finally Weisiger again. But they had somehow allowed the pace to slow and at three-quarters of a mile the time was 3:01, at least four seconds slower than the three Americans had wanted it to be.

"That slow third lap made me change my tactics," said Snell, who usually charges in front with 220 yards to go. He sprinted suddenly while still some 300 yards from the tape. But as he entered the final turn less than 220 yards from the finish, Snell found he could not sustain his kick. He eased off in order to save something for a possible challenge from behind. It was at this point that Grelle, whose years of chasing Jim Beatty and Dyrol Burleson across finish lines the world over has earned him a reputation as track's finest also-ran, made a dramatic bid to end a long career of frustration. He bolted through the turn and came up on Snell's right shoulder as they headed down the straightaway.

"I saw a white jersey out of the corner of my eye," said Snell later, "and thought it must be Ryun, because I knew it couldn't be Grelle. But it was Grelle, right enough, and I actually thought he was inching ahead of me. I thought, 'No, this can't be happening to me.' "

It didn't happen to Snell, but the two ran stride for stride and grimace for grimace over the last 50 yards, and as they dived through the tape together Snell was the winner by only the width of a pectoral muscle. His head flopping

from side to side, Ryun was third in 3:56.8, Odlozil was fourth as the pacesetters, Weisiger and Schul, trailed.

"Snell kicked too soon," said a sanguine Grelle to Ryun after the race. "He wasn't ready," said Ryun. "This was the night to beat him. He's going to be tougher with this one under his belt."

Ron Clarke's remarkable race against the clock looked as easy as Snell's duel with Grelle was arduous. He thought the track was fast and appreciated the fact there was little wind, a luxury he encounters seldom in competition back home. But most important is Clarke's attitude toward distance running. To him it is pure recreation, as much so as the squash racquets, the golf, the tennis and the swimming he enjoys from once a month to three times a week. Unlike Snell, Clarke, at 28, has absolutely no plans to retire from competitive running. And, unlike his closest rival in the two and three miles, Schul, whose training consists of a punishing daily series of 220-, 330- and 440-yard sprints, Clarke simply gets out on the road and runs.

This is precisely what he did last week. With New Zealand's Neville Scott, who is tall and blond, trotting along right behind him, Clarke, who is tall and dark, turned the first mile in 4:17, the two miles —after pulling well ahead of Scott— in 8:40 and, finally, with the crowd above him roaring down its amazed encouragement, pushed through the final 440 yards in a brisk 61 seconds.

Next week Clarke will run the three miles in Toronto against Schul, New Zealand's Bill Baillie, Australia's Albie Thomas, Canada's Dave Ellis and the U.S.'s 10,000-meter Olympic champion, Billy Mills. Snell will run against Canada's Bill Crothers in the half-mile.

This is the second stage of a long, hot summer of racing. Clarke will go on to Europe this month, and Snell will follow after running the mile at the AAU National Championships in San Diego, June 27. This may be the last chance the U.S. has to put a full team on the track against him, but Snell is not worried.

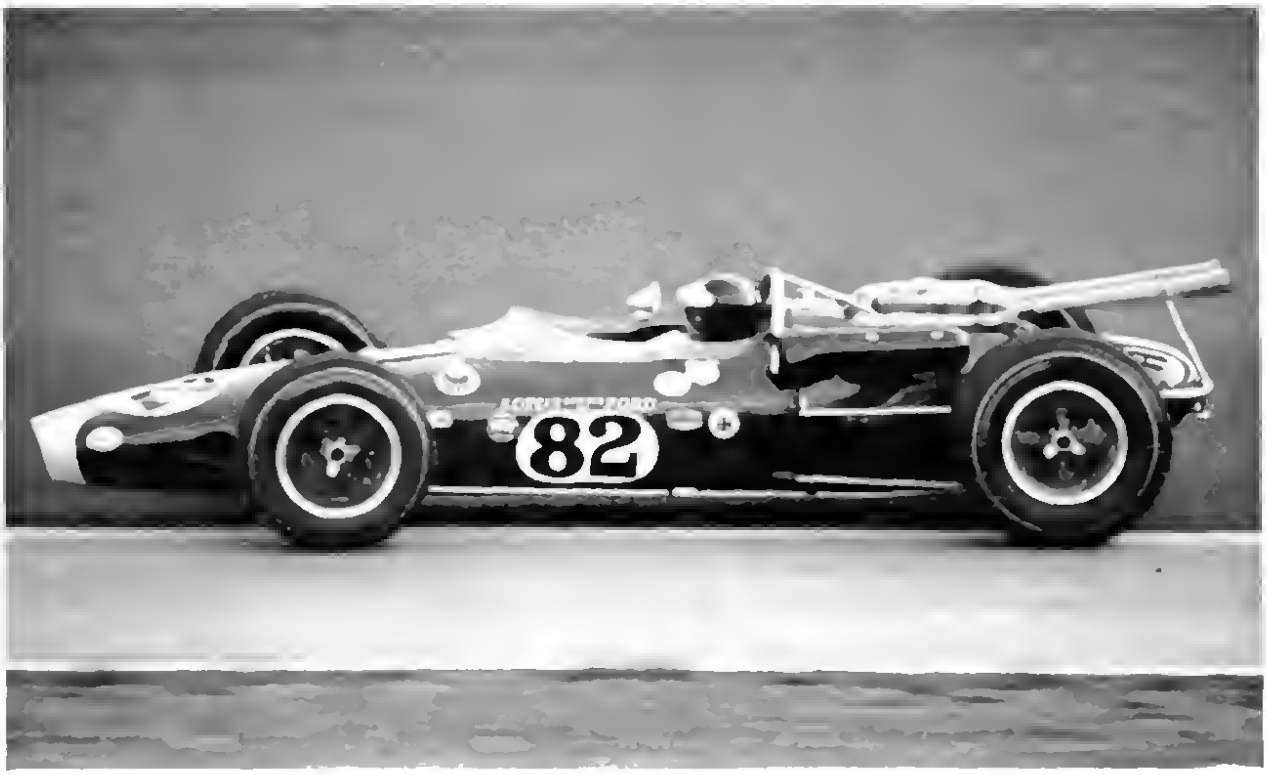
"I didn't look much like the unbeatable Snell, did I?" he asked two and a half hours after winning the Compton Mile. "The point is, though, that the race has done me a world of good. No one is going to beat me in San Diego."

Then he took a sip from a cup of tea and smiled, one might almost say, hullishly. END

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM



Jim Clark in Ford-powered Lotus—winner of Indianapolis 500

POWERED BY Ford

INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 31. The first four cars across the finish line at the Indianapolis 500 were powered by Ford-built V-8 racing engines . . . in fact, 8 out of the 11 cars that survived the brutal pace to finish were Ford V-8 powered. They are the newest members of a family of engines whose numbers run into the millions, and whose oldest member is now a venerable 33 years of age.

The amazing performance of the Ford V-8 engines in the grueling 500-mile Memorial Day classic was the final act of a revolution touched off two years ago when Jim Clark startled the racing world in his Ford-powered Lotus. Indianapolis veterans watched openmouthed as a Ford-built powerplant showed a field of the finest American racing engines how it should be done.

This quiet revolution gathered momentum the second year when still further refined Ford V-8's showed up on the starting line and amazed the racing fraternity with their power and durability.

This year's victory for Ford-built V-8's signaled the end of an era in American racing.

Another era was ended 33 years ago when Henry Ford and his son Edsel made the momentous decision to build a powerplant the industry said couldn't be built — the first V-8 engine cast in a single block. Since that day 33 years ago, Ford has built more V-8's than any other automotive manufacturer.

It was the beginning of low-cost automobiles that wouldn't shake the fillings out of your teeth. Of cars that started even when the thermometer said "no." Cars that could carry ordinary people across ruler-straight roads at a smooth 60 per instead of a vibrating 35.

In a sense it was the genesis of today's total performance V-8's. Engines that power cars like the Ford LTD that tested quieter than a Rolls-Royce and handles as easy as a baby buggy. Engines so reliable that most people don't even look under the hood anymore before buying. They know that a Ford V-8—like a telephone or refrigerator — means everyday dependability.

The win at Indianapolis was a big, noisy victory for Ford V-8 know-how, but every time a Ford owner turns his key the V-8 scores a small, quiet victory. The big one would not have been possible if the millions of small ones hadn't preceded it.

Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

A dream race ends in a speedy victory

Every harness track in the country has been eager to stage the first trotting race between Speedy Scot and Ayres. They are both Triple Crown winners (Speedy in 1963, Ayres in 1964) and co-holders of the world record of 1:56⅘. "I think Speedy is the greatest trotter that ever lived," says his trainer-driver, Ralph Baldwin. "Ayres," says *his* man, Johnny Simpson, "is the most perfect horse I have ever seen." Trotting experts, split in their judgment, are hardly accustomed to such statements from these two normally reticent veteran horsemen.

Until last week, Speedy had won 41 of 51 starts, often setting track records. Ayres, winner of 20 out of 28, had been out of the money just once. Last week they finally met, for a modest purse of $25,000, at equally modest Brandywine Raceway near Wilmington, Del., and the rest of the field in the race included practically all the other first-rank trotters in the U.S. They were:

Big John, Eddie Wheeler's four-year-old, who chased Ayres to the wire in both heats of last year's Hambletonian.

Su Mac Lad, Stanley Dancer's all-time money-winning champ ($826,449), still going strong at 11 years of age.

Express Rodney (Jimmy Cruise, trainer-driver) who had raced against the best and had seldom been beaten badly by any of them.

Speedy Count, Billy Haughton's somewhat lame but very game 4-year-old who, at 2, was best of his age, and had won 35 of 52.

Sprite Kid of Canada, finally, the only outsider in the bunch.

Brandywine's coup in staging a race that drew 15,000 to the closing night of a spring meet and would have drawn more than three times that many in New York, came almost by chance. Racing Secretary James M. Lynch sent telegrams inviting eight trotters just the week before. Ayres' acceptance came back almost immediately. Speedy Scot's was last, on the day before the race, because the telegram to Baldwin had gone astray.

"I actually didn't want to meet Scotty this early," Simpson said. "But I gave my word we would race at Brandywine, and I wasn't going to break it."

"I was anxious to meet Ayres and get it over with," Baldwin said. "There has

continued

A new suede and lizard golf shoe by Foot-Joy

Foot-Joy matches exquisitely marked alligator lizard with French Deldicalf suede to bring you a shoe superior in looks as well as in comfort. Masterfully crafted with all the refinements of Foot-Joy shoemaking, these shoes are unbelievably handsome yet supremely light and comfortable. Style 5110—tan Deldicalf and sport rust. Style 5111—shadow Deldicalf and navy blue. Available at your golf professional's. Fifty dollars

BROCKTON FOOTWEAR, INC., BROCKTON 68, MASS. (IN CANADA TETRAULT SHOE, LTD., MONTREAL)

Foot-Joy GOLF SHOES Choice of Champions

for golfers who want to add a note of tasteful splendor to their game



been so much talk about it that it was beginning to hug me."

So they got together for the "Race of the Century," as Brandywine publicity man Dave Herman called it, possibly accurately, and Speedy Scot won in 2:01 1 5, breaking a track record again by a fifth of a second. But, for the first time in his life, he was pushed as hard as a horse can be pushed to win. Surprisingly, it wasn't Ayres who did the pushing. Ayres finished fourth, though he was only a length behind the winner. The horse who almost pulled the upset of the year was old Su Mac Lad.

The race itself was crammed with fascinating strategy. Speedy Scot (7) and Ayres (6) drew the extreme outside posts, with Su Mac Lad on the pole. Sprite Kid (2) presented no early problem because he does not leave fast. Neither did Express Rodney (4), for the same reason. But both Big John (3) and Speedy Count (5) do break quickly, and this increased the hazard to Speedy Scot and Ayres of going away fast outside them and getting stuck outside for the entire mile.

"This was the most puzzling racing problem I had ever faced," Baldwin said. "I wanted Ayres to go out flying and let me fall in back of him and follow him to the lead, so I'd know where he was all the time. But I had to come away from the gate fast and look the situation over before deciding what to do next."

Su Mac Lad got away quickest, with Haughton high-reining Speedy Count away on the outside. Baldwin quickly fell in behind Speedy Count, and Big John went to the rail with Ayres right behind *him*.

Dancer and Sumie kept Speedy Count parked out the first quarter in 29 4/5 before letting him go to the lead. Then Baldwin flicked his whip at Speedy Scot and they quickly took over. Ayres was still tucked in fifth, his small head under the armpit of Eddie Wheeler in Big John's sulky. They had scored that way before the race, Simpson staying behind Big John all the way.

Speedy Scot led the half in a rattling 59 4/5. "When I saw that time I was very leery," Baldwin said later. "It was just too fast. I knew then I might have trouble getting home." Baldwin managed to slow the third quarter down to 30 4/5. Then Dancer pulled Sumie out of the number three hole and set sail. He collared Speedy Scot as they turned for home and actually got a head in front, but Baldwin urged some extra strength out of Scotty in the final 20 yards to win by a neck.

"I knew somebody was going to come at me in the stretch after that fast first half," Baldwin said, "but I was the most surprised man in the world when I looked over and saw that scrawny neck sticking out there. He's a great horse, but he *is* 11 years old, and you don't expect an 11-year-old horse to come on that strong after cutting out a 29.4 quarter."

Fastest at the end were Big John, who was third, and Ayres. They too broke the track mark. The same cast was due to meet this week at Roosevelt Raceway; as the rivalry continues, trotting should enjoy a memorable year. END



Bag Boy WORLD'S FAVORITE GOLF CART

Bag Boy, the world's favorite golf cart, is excitingly new for 1965. Exclusive *Floating-Action* springs make the big difference . . . give Bag Boy a truly floating ride. Once you try the all-new Bag Boy you'll see for yourself how easily and lightly it rolls, how stable it is on side hills and slopes, and how it floats over fairway and rough. One glance at the sparkling new Bag Boy design tells you that here is the undisputed style leader. It's easy to see why there have been well over a million Bag Boy golf carts sold through leading golf and professional shops, sporting goods and department stores. Special $29.95; Deluxe $37.95.

Bag Boy

Product of JARMAN-WILLIAMSON CO., Inc.
601 N. E. 28th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97232

Were you born in 1939?



June 12, 1939: Byron Nelson kissas his lucky niblick after winning tha U. S. Open Golf Championship in Philadelphia.

Don't kiss off all life insurance premiums as money down the drain—money you'll never see again. If you protect your family now with a New England Life cash value life insurance policy...

At 65 you can get back all the dollars you put in—and a lot more besides!

For example, since you're only 26, you can get back as much as $8,687* more than you pay for a $15,000 policy! This is the best way to give your family the financial protection they'll need, while giving yourself the financial security you'll need.

Our free "Dial-A-Year" gives cash-value figures, events and personalities from 1920 to 1940. Write: Dept. S4, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

New England Life

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES

*assuming you leava your dividands with tha Company. Dividends cannot be guarantead, this is an illustration based on our current dividand scala.

This is a story of tragedy and heroism, of simple folly and hallucination, of a youth paying with death for his devotion ta duty. It is a story af

72 HOURS OF TERROR

BY JAMES LIPSCOMB

in a national park, a terror that struck at a party of vacationers out on what they thought wauld be a day of small adventure, a day filled with the stimulation of doing the almost dangeraus, while actually being safe. You, if you have the least bit of the intrepid in you—and wha does not?—might have been there. It is a story of 10 climbers who were stranded without food or shelter on one of the highest peaks in the United States and who—with their last reserves of energy and while rescuers tried to reach them from belaw—struggled even farther up, instead of down. It is a story of a horrified climber gaing berserk in the darkness and trying ta kill those who wauld save him. Finally, it is the story af what is probably the most technically difficult large-scale mountain rescue in American history. It happened three summers ago in Grand Teton National Park, but until this two-part series, which is based on official reports and extensive interviews with the survivors, it has been an untold tale of the Tetons.

On July 27, 1962 a cold rain was beating down at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station in Grand Teton National Park. Directly across the lake, Teewinot Mountain was hidden in clouds, which broke from time to time revealing the new snow that was falling on the rocks above the tree line. At 8 a.m. Sterling Neale, a climbing ranger, returned from an errand and stepped inside the hut. Another ranger, George Kelly, was waiting for him. "Your wife called a few minutes ago," he said. "She flipped your Volkswagen, but she's all right—and, by the way, there's a guy here says a party of 10 Appies is overdue from a climb on the Grand." *continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS B ALLEN



Neale was more alarmed about his wife than about the Appies, which is the slightly derogatory nickname western mountaineers have given eastern members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. It often happens that climbers are caught on the Grand Teton at nightfall and forced to bivouac. They can be expected to straggle in the following day. And certainly, Neale thought, 10 climbers could not get in trouble without at least some of them coming back down for help. Still, he had to take some action. Keeping track of climbers and rescuing them when necessary was part of his job.

Neale called the information to the district ranger station, and he and the ranger in charge decided that someone ought to go up the Grand Teton to find out what had happened. It would not be a pleasant job—a four-hour hike through the rain up into the Petzoldt's Caves area from which the

With their leader out of sight above them, eight of the numbed party huddle on a ledge while the assistant leader, Smith, sits alone.



10 climbers had started. George Kelly was assigned the task. It was shortly after 8:30 a.m. when he started up the mountain.

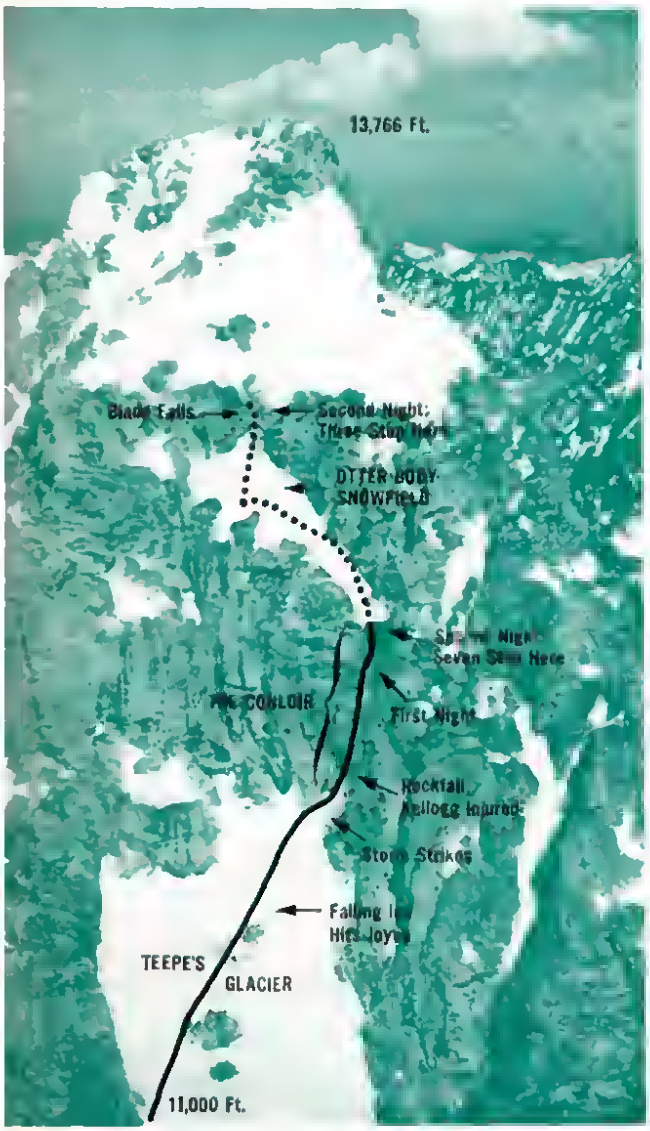
As Sterling Neale turned his attention to his smashed car and shaken wife and Kelly plodded dutifully forth, an extraordinary series of actions was unfolding on a tiny rock ledge high up on the southeastern face of the Grand Teton —actions that would have alarmed and appalled the rangers. The 10 climbers had indeed been stranded all night. They were dressed for a summer day, but for the past 20 hours they had been buffeted by freezing rain, electrical storms and gale-driven snow. Huddled on a ledge, they peered from beneath the three ponchos that had covered them during the night and saw that three inches of new snow had fallen, hiding all the handholds and footholds in the rock. Their feet were numb, their muscles sore from

continued



hours of violent shivering. There had been almost nothing to eat the night before, breakfast was a spoonful of jam each, and now, in a swirling mist of rain and snow, with great misgivings but almost no discussion, they started moving once again—not down, but up!

Who were the climbers trapped in this ordeal? They were all members of the August Camp of the Appalachian Mountain Club, an organization offering its members scores of activities that range from one-day nature walks to extended pack trips. The August Camp is just one of these many activities. Each August for the past 75 years club members have met at various places in the U.S. and Canada for a month of hiking and outdoor living. Twice before in recent years the August Camp had met in the western U.S. or Canada to give those who were interested in mountaineering a chance to attempt some truly impressive peaks and try the rock-climbing techniques they had learned in the East.



This is the route climbers took up the Grand Teton. Dotted line shows progress of leaders after the group split.

In 1962 the August Camp met near Jenny Lake on the eastern side of the Teton Range in Wyoming. It was a marvelous choice for grandeur of view and test of climbing skill, for the Tetons are among the most impressive mountains in the U.S. Beginning just south of Yellowstone National Park and continuing in a southerly direction, the Tetons rise, one rugged peak after another. At their base evergreens and aspen surround clear, glacier-gouged lakes. Above the tree line are snow fields and glaciers, and above these are precipitous rock slabs and towering cliffs that spire into the sky.

In the center of the range stands the most spectacular mountain of them all—the Grand Teton—13,766 feet high, with half a dozen glaciers and snowfields on its flanks. It was first climbed only 67 years ago, but since then at least a dozen routes to its summit have been found and some of them are considered quite easy. Glenn Exum, who operates the professional guide concession in the Grand Teton National Park, maintains a staff that takes parties up the Grand once or twice a week during July and August, and many other climbers make the ascent on their own, aided only by detailed guidebooks. Usually climbers make it a two-day trip. The first day they go up about 10 miles (3,000 vertical feet) to the Petzoldt's Caves area in the higher levels of Garnet Canyon. By starting at 4 a.m. on the second day they can expect to reach the top by noon and get back to the caves before afternoon storms sweep in from the west and pepper the mountain with lightning.

More than 400 climbers reached the top of the Grand in 1962, about half of them escorted by professional guides. Such numbers are somewhat misleading, however, if they seem to indicate that the Grand is no challenge at all. In good weather any experienced leader can take any small group of moderately good climbers to the top of the mountain on the easier routes without subjecting them to more than minimal danger. But not all of the routes are easy, and in truly foul weather climbing the Grand can turn out to be a very dangerous matter. Three climbers have lost their lives on the Grand in the past 20 years and in 1962, even before the August Camp arrived in the Tetons, one man had been killed climbing in the area.

The leader of the climbing activities at the August Camp was Ellis Blade, 54, who had been climbing in the Tetons for a decade. Blade was a powerful and dynamic man, able in several diverse fields. Holder of a Ph.D. from Columbia, he had worked as an aeronautical engineer and designer and had taught mathematics at both Columbia and City College of New York. Blade had climbed in the Tetons with Glenn Exum and Paul Petzoldt, two of the most famous Teton figures. He had also climbed in Canada and Mexico, and had led groups for the Alpine Club of Canada

continued



When you need something more than a soft drink.
Nothing soft about the taste of Coca-Cola... lifts your spirits—boosts your energy.

things go better with Coke

Be sure to look for this familiar brand on the front of every box.

You won't have to look very hard, because the Volkswagen Station Wagon carries the biggest chrome brand in the business.

But then, our box carries the heaviest load in the business: over a ton of things. (In 170 cubic feet of space.) Almost twice as much stuff as the biggest regular wagon holds.

If the stuff is bulky, 5 big doors take the pain out of loading and unloading it.

And if the stuff is people, the box takes 9.

What it doesn't take much of is oil. (5 pints is all.) And a box that averages over 20 miles per gallon doesn't take much gas either.



When it comes to windows, you can give 2 to each passenger (and keep 5, plus the adjustable sunroof, for yourself).

Our wagon is only 9 inches longer than our sedan, so you can park it in a space that's 4 feet too short for ordinary wagons.

But maybe you've decided you don't really want an ordinary wagon. That kind of thinking can get you into a box.

as well as the Appalachian Mountain Club. He was thoroughly experienced.

Aside from his prestige as a scientist and climber, Blade had even higher status in the August Camp in 1962 because Camp officials had decided that all climbs would be headed only by designated leaders who would be chosen by the club itself. Leaders had been rated on a scale of one to five by the club. To be rated five meant that a leader could be expected to take a group on an expedition over unknown routes—and Blade was rated five. He enjoyed climbing immensely, and he enjoyed being a leader. He had applied for the job of leader with the August Camp even though there was no remuneration and a great deal of hard work connected with the position. Blade knew much more about mountaineering than any of the rest of the group that was with him that July.

His assistant leader was Stephen Smith, 21, rated a four leader by the club. Smith's father was active in club affairs, and Stephen had climbed with the August Camp in British Columbia in 1959 and 1960. He was a fine rock climber and promising mountaineer, proud to be an assistant leader and eager to prove himself.

The rest of the party varied enormously in strength, age and experience. The oldest was Lester Germer, 65, a scientist who had just retired from the Bell Telephone Laboratories and had accepted a research position at Cornell University. He was a first-class rock climber, having led many small climbs in both the East and West. He was older than most men who try climbing mountains such as the Grand, but he was tall and spare and not likely to hold up the group.

Lydia and Griffith June, both 45, were confirmed mountain lovers who had first met in 1959 at the August Camp in British Columbia. When they were married a year later the ceremony was performed on top of Bear Mountain in Connecticut. Both Junes were slightly heavy for this kind of mountaineering, but Griffith had been on long climbs before and both were eager to go.

Charles Joyce, 30, a tool designer, was strong but inexperienced. He had led rock-climbing trips in the eastern mountains, but he did not think of himself as a mountaineer. A conservative climber, he had decided even before driving west that he would not lead any climbs while he was there. He wanted to watch and learn.

Janet Buckingham, 30, a computer programmer at Harvard, had done a great deal of hiking but had never before climbed a mountain anything like the Grand.

Charles Kellogg, 22, had been a hut boy at one of the Appalachian Mountain Club locations in the East. He was a fine skier and a beginning climber, strong and in good condition.

John Fenniman, 18, had just graduated from high school and been accepted at Dartmouth. He had never been West before.

Mary Blade, 49, accompanied her husband on many climbs, and Ellis Blade had no doubt about her ability to keep up with the party.

This was the group that gathered at Petzoldt's Caves on the evening of July 25—a large number for such a climb, but large groups have gone up and down the Grand many times before. It assembled after a leisurely climb from the valley to the caves at 10,000 feet, where huge boulders offer shelter. Most of the party had just arrived in the Tetons and were not acclimatized to the altitude. (Ellis Blade was to write later that he had planned to take the group on smaller conditioning climbs before attempting the Grand, but he felt "none were interested.")

The view from the caves was striking. Garnet Canyon is a huge circle, surrounded on three sides by great peaks of granite, and such prospects are one of the things that mountaineering is about. Astronomical distances leave men uncomprehending, but mountains offer a vast yet comprehensible scale of space and time within which a man tries to place himself in perspective and learn from it what he can. The view that night left far different impressions on various members of the party.

Lester Germer remembers fair weather. He crawled into one of the caves early and slept soundly all night. Ellis Blade and the Junes recall a light rain, but were unconcerned. Why then was assistant leader Stephen Smith so worried by the weather?

He sought out Charles Joyce, who at 30 bridged the age gap between Blade at 54 and himself at 21.

"It looks bad," Smith said. "I really don't want to go."

"Why?"

"The weather's bad, and I've been sick. I threw up."

Joyce went to Blade on behalf of Smith and raised the question of the weather. "Now, son," he recalls Blade saying, "if mountain climbers tried to predict the weather this far in advance of every climb, no mountains would ever get climbed. We'll climb up to Teepe's Glacier tomorrow and decide whether or not to continue on the basis of the weather at that time." Joyce went back and reassured Smith as best he could, but perhaps he was not completely reassured himself, or else it was his own calculating turn of mind that prompted him to take an extra can of pineapple and bury it at the bottom of his climbing pack. That can of fruit, Joyce decided, would be opened only if he were in trouble.

There was at least one other reason why Smith might have been worried that night. He and the others had been reading about the route they were going to take in Ortenburger's *A Climber's Guide to the Teton Range*. It was called the Otter Body Route. Although Ortenburger had not rated it as a difficult climb, he did mention the danger of

continued

falling rock and that William Owen, who first climbed the mountain in 1898, had almost been killed by a rock in the long main couloir of the route.

Falling rocks are one of the hazards of mountaineering, a risk that Smith and other climbers knowingly take, yet attempt to minimize. But Smith also knew that the danger from falling rock grows enormously as a party increases in size. The last man in a group of 10 has nine people moving about above him who might kick loose anything from a bullet-sized pebble to a boulder.

At 7 p.m. on July 25 the party turned in, but before going to sleep Blade made some very prudent calculations and then carefully wrote down a time schedule for the next day's climb.

Only he, and Smith perhaps, knew how important time would be. The rest of the party were eastern rock climbers, and much of their experience had been gained on the Shawangunks in New York. The Shawangunks are not really mountains at all, but rather a group of long cliffs varying in height from 30 to 350 feet. Climbers gather from all over the East to test their technique on these rocks, much like soldiers in basic training. On such cliffs, keeping to a time schedule is unimportant. At the end of the day you can always rappel off the rocks or simply climb down an easy route to the parking lot. It is an excellent place for learning technique, but it is not mountain climbing.

But an ascent in the Tetons is more like war. The danger from afternoon lightning storms means that careful climbers try to get off the peaks by 3 p.m. And there are drastic changes in the weather to consider. Even in midsummer blizzards are common in the peaks, and snow or ice in handholds transforms a simple climb for the casual camper into a dangerous ascent for an expert. In some places there is no easy way down and the retreat may take hours. Ellis Blade knew all this well, and the time schedule he worked out was a safe one. He planned for his party to reach the summit in eight hours and return in five—a 13-hour climbing day. Since they planned to start at 4 a.m., he could even count on several extra hours of light, in case it was needed.

Blade woke his group at 2 a.m. By 4, as the sky lightened, they were under way. Smith mentioned again, this time to his friend Charles Kellogg, that he would rather not go. Kellogg cannot remember much discussion on the subject. Smith was a leader. He was expected to go, he was needed and he went.

The route took the group up Garnet Canyon and then diagonally across a long moraine to Teepe's Pillar, just to the left and south of Teepe's Glacier. As they reached the edge of the moraine, a hallowed ground of American mountaineering, they faced the first test of the route. Ahead stretched Teepe's Glacier, named for Theodore Teepe, who had been killed on it in 1925. The glacier rises high on the southeastern slope of the Grand at an ever-increasing pitch. They would have to climb up to the top of it to reach the wide couloir that was to be the next step on the route.

The AMC climbers, roped into two parties—Blade leading one and Smith the other—started upward. Just before doing so Blade checked his time schedule. It was 8:30 a.m. He had planned to reach the head of the glacier, almost 1,500 vertical feet above, by 8 a.m. With a slow party requiring frequent rest stops, he was taking almost twice as long as he had expected. His time schedule was already seriously out of joint. To a seasoned mountaineer like Blade this must have been discouraging and, for whatever it may mean, that 8:30 a.m. entry was the last that Ellis Blade made in his notebook.

It was partly cloudy but calm as the group started up the glacier. "I want you to sink your ice axes to the head," Blade said, "and keep a loop of rope around them." On each rope they moved two, then three at a time. Smith talked to Joyce of the danger of an avalanche, and Joyce wondered what had seemingly unnerved him. Janet Buckingham slipped once and fell, but Smith ahead of her and Joyce behind on the rope that linked them held her easily. Still, the fall frightened her. She tried to climb back without kicking adequate steps and fell again. Finally, Blade, ever the watchful leader, left his rope, circled back down and talked to her. Calmed, she climbed back up to the group, and again the two ropes proceeded. Eleven o'clock came, and the climbers were still on the glacier. The snow was soft. Blade did the hard work, kicking steps, wearing the toes of his boots nearly through in the process.

There were two islands of rock to be crossed, and on the second the party ran into trouble. The snow of the glacier was grooved in many places with the tracks of falling ice blocks and boulders—a warning if any cared to read it that the glacier was a frequent target for plummeting projectiles. As the first rope climbed up the last hundred yards to the top of the glacier, the second rope of Smith, Janet Buckingham, Charles Joyce, Charles Kellogg and John Fenniman stopped for lunch. Everybody pulled sandwiches from their packs, but Joyce felt increasingly uneasy. Hanging on the edge of the glacier above them were large chunks of ice and snow. If one of them fell, Joyce wanted to be free to jump, but Janet Buckingham ahead and Charles Kellogg behind had stopped where they were at the first mention of lunch. Joyce, tied between them, had almost no freedom of movement. His prudent sense was disturbed, but he hesitated to say anything. He was not a leader.

Suddenly, as he watched, several blocks of ice broke loose. First they slid. Then, gathering speed, they began to bound and tumble. Joyce shouted. The other climbers looked up. Fenniman threw himself out of the path of one block just as it smashed past, carrying away his ice ax. Kellogg all but avoided another, which glanced off his foot. Joyce saw two huge blocks coming right for him. He turned sideways, missing the first. The second was too close behind. Before he could dodge, the ice struck him and knocked him into the air. When he regained consciousness a moment later he was upside down on a boulder. Smith called, "Are you all right?" Joyce was not sure. At first he thought he had

continued

WiN a golfing Vacation for Two in Scotland!

Score a HOLE-IN-ONE and

(OVER 11,000 U.S. GOLFERS* DID LAST YEAR. COULD BE YOU IN '65!)

enter the Annual Old Smuggler Scotch Sweepstakes!



A trip to Scotland—golf at St. Andrews—a delightful visit to the Old Smuggler distilleries—all these thrills may turn out to be yours, once you've scored your hole-in-one. And remember, the trip's for two.

The makers of Old Smuggler Scotch have sponsored their Annual Hole-in-One Scotch Sweepstakes to encourage American followers of golf—Scotland's national game and its *other* favorite export! You could be the winning entrant in 1965. All it takes is luck.

So, just for luck, ask for Old Smuggler at the 19th hole—and drink a toast to the high road that may bring ye to Scotland almost before ye know it!

And the Pro who enters the winning name gets $1,000, too!

Here's all you do to win 2 round-trip flights to Scotland and $1,000 spending money.

1. Score a hole-in-one in a regular round, on a qualified regulation course. (Course must be located in the United States, Bermuda, or the Caribbean islands.)
2. Have the professional at the course you played fill in the official entry card. Then you sign it, have him validate and mail it.
3. Contest starts January 1, 1965, closes midnight December 31, 1965.
4. Winner chosen by blindfold drawing within 30 days after close of sweepstakes and notified by mail.
5. Old Smuggler Sweepstakes subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
6. Ask your professional for full details. Or have him write: Old Smuggler Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 21D, Mount Vernon, New York 10559.

LAST YEAR'S WINNER Mr. Stuart V. Smith scored at the Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pennsylvania—and as a result, he will be playing St. Andrews in Scotland.

**Figures officially reported for calendar year, 1964.*



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

The Country Club Scotch

Old Smuggler

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

been hit on the head. Then, from the pains in his arm, he feared his elbow might be broken. Finally he realized how lucky he had been—he was not hurt at all.

But he was angry. The slow pace of the morning, the inertia of the group, Janet Buckingham's fall and now the blow from the ice block had unnerved him. Blade had climbed back down to ask if anyone were injured. Reassured, he turned and hurried up the slope again.

"Let's get out of here," Joyce said to Smith, who had come down to him. He was startled to see that Smith, who had not been hit, was shaken too. "Your shout saved our lives," he said. Smith's eyes were wide and his hands trembled. Joyce recalls taking a second look at Smith's eyes and thinking, "He's spooked."

"He'll kill us all," said Smith.

"Let's get out of here," Joyce said again.

Up above they could see that Blade had arranged his rope into a file straight up the fall line, thus presenting a smaller target to any debris coming down. Smith and Joyce did the same, and for the first time that day the group moved quickly up—up to a new kind of calamity.

The Tetons, rising abruptly out of the plain, force the prevailing southwesterly surface winds up more than a mile. The cooling air causes clouds to form and swirl around the peaks. The weather in the peaks usually deteriorates during the day. A clear morning is frequently followed by a partly cloudy afternoon. A partly cloudy morning, as July 26 had been, often means thunderstorms later in the day. These storms sweep in from the southwest quickly and they frequently hit climbers on the southeastern faces with little or no warning.

Suddenly, such a storm broke on the Grand. A powerful wind swept across the glacier, and black swirling clouds crossed the peak. The climbers could see what looked like rain cutting in huge arched curtains between them and Teepe's Pillar to the south. Then the full brunt of the storm struck, bringing hail and wind. Now at the top of the glacier, the party took shelter in a crevasse where the heat of the mountain rock had melted the edge of the glacier. It afforded some protection, though not much.

Until this point there had been little discussion of retreat, but now it was 12 o'clock, the hour Blade had scheduled for the party to reach the summit. From the guidebook Smith knew that the route above led up a long couloir to the Otter Body snowfield. Then they would have to make a traverse—a sidewise movement—across the Otter Body, climb straight up to another steep couloir, cross another snowfield and manage another climb to the summit.

The party was discouraged, and Smith told Ellis Blade that they ought to turn back. It seemed to Griffith June that Blade was preoccupied. Blade cut a step in the ice above them so that he could peer out at the storm. "He seemed detached," said June, "as though he were trying to make a decision." June remembers Blade saying, "Notice how the cold air is making the glacier harden? It's dangerous now."

But, as in all tense and complex situations, memories differ and viewpoints encroach on the realities of things. Thus, Joyce remembers Blade at this point as putting on a "good-humored leader" act. "How's that arm of yours?" he recalls Blade saying with a smile. Joyce jerked his arm away. Blade opened a can of jam and offered it around, saying there was nothing better for quick energy. Joyce refused automatically, then thought better of it and, while the others looked in their packs for spoons, he scooped out a handful with his fingers.

The storm seemed to be slackening now, and Blade told the climbers to get their packs on and start moving up. He sent the 65-year-old Germer ahead to scout the route. As they were moving out, Joyce grabbed Smith and said, "What's he doing? Is he nuts? We've got to go down. You're a leader. Tell him we've got to go down."

"I told him," Smith answered. "He won't listen to me."

The route led to the right along the top of the glacier to a great couloir, a deep, slab-sided ravine between a massif on the left and a huge pinnacle called the Second Tower on the right. With the rain dislodging things above them, it looked, Griffith June said later, like a giant bowling alley. Gravel, rocks and, from time to time, boulders crashed down.

Nor was the rockfall the only problem, for the couloir drained one whole side of the mountain, and a stream of ice water was cascading down it. Storm winds whipping through this natural tunnel caused the climbers to be beaten with ice-cold spray as they approached. At the base a waterfall blocked the route they would have to pass through. It was a dangerous couloir at any time. Now, in the storm, it was an unnerving sight to all of the less experienced climbers. Griffith June recalls thinking of the motto over the gate to Hell in Dante's *Inferno*: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Germer, on the other hand, was unawed. He had returned from scouting the couloir, and Blade asked him how it would "go." Germer would later regret his answer: "I told him it looked easy," he said. "I know now he was asking for advice, and I gave him a rock-climbing opinion. It was easy rock climbing. I was not considering the safety of the party. The camp had chosen Blade as a leader, but I should have said something."

Stephen Smith did say something: "I think we should go down."

Blade said: "I've been on that glacier before in weather like this. It's as hard as ice. If we go down, someone will get killed."

continued



Stop telling me I'm beautiful.
Love me for what's inside.

There's plenty. The 2+2 is built for the driver that wants the kind of go that a 421-cubic inch engine delivers, the handling that comes with the special heavy-duty suspension, and the luxury of the 2+2's custom bucket seats and interiors. And still wants the good looks that Pontiac has more of than anybody. Go see the man that has them, your Pontiac dealer, and have him check you out in a 2+2.



Pontiac 2+2

ONE OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACK TIGERS



Red, white & blue chip investment

You won't get rich overnight buying U. S. Savings Bonds. But for the long run, they make an excellent investment.

You get a guaranteed rate of interest—3¾% when held to maturity—so there are no ups and downs to worry about.

You also get certain tax advantages since Savings Bonds aren't subject to state or local income taxes and the federal tax can be deferred until the Bonds are cashed.

But probably most important is that Bonds pay off in more than dollars. When you get your Bond investment back, you know it has helped Uncle Sam strengthen the cause of freedom (your cause) all around this troubled world of ours.

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds and own a share of America. It's a good outfit to do business with.

Quick facts about Series E Savings Bonds

- ✓ You get back $4 for every $3 at maturity
- ✓ You can get your money when you need it
- ✓ Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed or stolen
- ✓ You can buy Bonds where you bank, or on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work

Buy E Bonds for growth—H Bonds for current income

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

STAR-SPANGLED SAVINGS PLAN
FOR ALL AMERICANS



"We can't climb the mountain now," Smith said.

"You keep your mouth shut," Blade told him.

"Well, I'm assistant leader of this group," Smith said, "and I think my opinion should be considered."

"Well, don't you forget," Blade said, "that I am *the* leader and I know it is safer to go up."

Blade was acting on the situation as he saw it: that the route to safety was up, not down.

Smith looked around for support, but none of the others spoke. Griffith June and Lydia June were standing nearby. It occurred to Griffith that he might lead a splinter party down. He had been a member of the August Camp committee in 1961 and had sufficient status and age to head a revolt. He knew that at least Kellogg, Joyce, Smith and his wife wanted to turn back. But June hesitated. If he precipitated a revolt and someone were killed during the retreat, the blame would—properly—be his. The moment passed.

Blade plunged into the waterfall, then started working his way up the couloir. Following on the rope were Germer, Griffith June, Stephen Smith and Lydia June. The first two pitches—120-foot rope lengths—were very steep. In the middle of the second, another waterfall blocked the route. Both Smith and Lydia June were delayed there and got soaked through while protecting climbers below them.

The party moved very slowly. Blade unroped and climbed back down to give pep talks to the climbers. He asked June for support because, he said, "Germer doesn't like this rotten stuff." He scolded Fenniman for standing in the direct line of the rockfall and urged Lydia June to climb faster. "We've got to move," he said. "The lives of all of us depend on it."

Then he climbed back up to pioneer the route. "In the name of heaven, Ellis," Griffith June said, "let's go down."

"We can't," Blade answered. "We're committed now."

Griffith made it to the top of a column of rock he was on, then worked across a cascade of water to a small ledge where Germer was driving a piton to set up a fixed rope. Smith was just starting up from below when a lightning bolt struck the mountain close above them. The whole mountain seemed to heave. Lydia, in the waterfall below, was jolted. She screamed. Then, wondering whether those out of sight above were dead, she screamed again, but the roaring wind and falling water drowned out her voice. "I screamed and screamed and screamed," she said, "but no one ever answered."

Above her Griffith June and Germer were still standing on the small ledge, protected from any rockfall by a slight overhang. Smith was climbing the column across the stream when they all heard above them the gathering rumble of rock. Smith started to move toward Griffith's and Germer's protected ledge as quickly as he could, but the handholds were wet. Griffith heard the mounting roar of the avalanche and shouted to Smith: "Jump! I'll catch you." Smith dived across the couloir and June caught him just as tons of boulders plunged past.

"After that huge rockfall," says Griffith June, "we lost all remaining threads of ambition. I sensed disorganization. I was shaking. Steve was soaked through and he was shivering uncontrollably."

Below them Lydia was shouting to know whether they were alive or dead. "They could not hear me," she said, "but the rope was taut. So I started up."

Farther down the couloir Charles Joyce, Charles Kellogg and Mary Blade stood together on a small ledge. As on the glacier, Joyce was constantly looking up, and was the first to see the danger. A boulder bounded off a ledge 100 feet above, then plunged toward them in a graceful arc. Struck dumb, Joyce watched it fall and hit Kellogg, who crumbled under the impact. Joyce thought he was killed. It was almost a relief to hear Kellogg scream. The rock had missed Kellogg's head but had hit his pack, driving the spiked points of his crampons into his back. Blood soaked his shirt, but he was not seriously injured.

As they inspected the wounds, Blade appeared from above. For every foot the group advanced, Blade was now climbing three, moving up and down the long line of the party, urging them upward.

"Why aren't you moving?" Blade asked Joyce. "Can you climb a fixed rope? Then come up and belay some of these people." Joyce went up. There was no time to talk. This was a battle.

Finally, as the sun was setting, Griffith June saw a room-sized boulder. On top of it was a small, almost-flat area that offered just enough space for the party to sit if they let their legs dangle over the side. Griffith climbed the rock and, as the others of the group approached from below, he invited them to join him. By now it was obvious that they would have to bivouac for the night, though they had no tents or blankets. Only Mary Blade still refused to criticize her husband. The others damned him, but he was out of sight and hearing above. Joyce drove pitons and tied the party onto the rock. Blade called down from far above to say that he had found a route up, but that he would spend the night where he was. The rest covered themselves with three ponchos, their only protection from the spray of the waterfall over a nearby ledge. They searched in their sacks and found scraps of food, crackers, candy and raisins left from lunch, which they shared. Determined to be good sports and keep their spirits up, they joked and sang folk songs, including *The Foggy Dew*. Joyce and Germer remember sleeping well, and Charles Kellogg recalls that he was not so benumbed with cold that he did not enjoy cuddling close to Janet Buckingham.

Only Stephen Smith kept himself aloof. Though he was shivering, he sat apart from the others. Kellogg thought Smith separated himself because he was a leader and did not approve of the way things were going. Joyce thought it was because Smith could not rest in the constantly moving group. To Griffith June, Smith seemed dazed. "I think he had already given up hope," June says. Eventually Lydia June said, "Look, Steve, it's no time to be prudish. Come in here with the rest of us and keep warm." Only then did

continued

Smith rejoin the group. Finally they settled down for the night as best they could, tending to slide off the boulder but held onto it by the ropes Joyce had placed. Their dangling feet became numb.

Dawn came slowly, and with it came a lamentable sight. The mountain was covered with three inches of new wet snow that filled handholds and disguised the glare ice underneath. From now on each step, each movement of the hands would take much more time and be infinitely more dangerous. For breakfast each member of the party ate two crackers.

There had never been any general discussion about going down, and there was none now. Germer asked Smith what he thought, and Smith replied apathetically that he did not know because he was not familiar with the route. Joyce, with his can of pineapple still at the bottom of his sack, looked carefully into the faces of his companions and calculated that Germer would soon collapse. He said nothing. Later Germer was to say: "If we had only started down then, we could still have gotten out." The weather had made the route above very difficult and dangerous. The group's strength was ebbing. And yet, extraordinary as it seems, at this point the climbers did not even discuss the possibility of retreat.

For one thing, their leader was out of reach above. He called, but they could barely hear him, so he rappelled down to a position directly above and, after several attempts, succeeded in passing the group a rope.

To move up they had to climb the ledge, then traverse a water-smoothed slab to a corner beyond it and then up the ridge. Glare ice topped with slush covered the lower part of the ledge, and deep-crusted snow lay on the steeper part above. Joyce and Fenniman made it safely across. Griffith June, taking too low a traverse, slipped on the ice, fell into the cascade and dropped to the brink of the ledge, where the belay rope caught him. Again and again as he tried to crawl up his feet slipped on the ice. Finally, using his ice ax, he cut steps and worked his way back onto the ledge. He started across again, and fell once more. This time there was more slack in the belay rope, and he fell over the ledge and under the waterfall before the rope held him. Fenniman, on belay above, did not have enough rope to lower June all the way to the bottom of the waterfall, but Smith came to June's aid and was able to help him get his feet firmly on a pillar. June untied and collapsed into Smith's arms.

Meanwhile, Germer successfully traversed the ledge by climbing higher than June had and plunging his arms into the snow to the elbow. Others followed, with Germer belaying from the corner where the icy wind hit him.

One after another the party crossed the ledge and climbed past Germer to Blade—an operation that took anguishing hours. When Germer's turn to move came again, his hands had stiffened into claws and his legs were cramped. With his last remaining strength, Germer carefully placed a piton in each hand, then chopped his way upward to the ledge where the rest of the party waited. "I'm dying," he said, collapsing on the rock. "Please leave me alone and let me die." His eyes were glazed, his face blanched and his lips and gums were greenish. He had stopped shivering. Fenniman gave him his down jacket. Griffith June lay down on the ledge, and the others put Germer on top of him. Then they lay on top of Germer, rubbing and pounding him.

Blade, pioneering the way above, called down, "Feel his pulse." Lydia, Griffith and then others tried. They felt nothing. Then they felt for their own pulses with no more success. Finally, they realized that their fingers were too numb.

Now Blade climbed back down. Shooting pains cramped his back, but he tried not to show it. He had a new plan. He, Joyce and Smith would continue to the top of the mountain, he said, hoping to find other climbers. If necessary, they would descend the easier and faster route on the other side and come back with help. Mary Blade would keep the rest of the group together—and Germer alive—until the three returned, or help arrived.

"Is it easier above?" Joyce asked.

"Much easier," Blade assured him.

Smith said nothing. The three left the group and started up the mountain.

As they disappeared, Germer recovered enough to sit up. Later he was to recall that he was consciously aware that he was out of his mind, much as dreamers sometimes know they are dreaming. He saw a flower-edged path leading downward, and yet he knew that at 12,000 feet there could be no flowers and no path.

The ledge the party occupied was even smaller than the one it had spent the previous night on. It sloped sharply downward, and only the safety rope held them on it. There was nothing to do now but wait. Dinner was half a teaspoon of jam. Shortly after it was eaten, Germer said, "I've got to lie down or I'm going to die." But there was no room to lie down. He asked for water, and Fenniman climbed down on a rope to a stream below to get some. The water was ice cold, and Germer hardly dared sip it. The others finished the water in the canteen and Germer asked for more. Lydia June tried to go, but when she stood up she felt dizzy and almost fell. She sat down again, afraid to move. None of the others tried.

As darkness came they huddled under the ponchos and out of the wind. Death was creeping upon them. Presumably, they were staying with Lester Germer to save him. In fact, even the strongest of them had lost the ability to save himself. Their lives rested in other hands. Although they said nothing, in the back of their minds some of them knew how desperate was their plight. Lydia and Griffith June said goodnight to each other, and then, as an afterthought, said goodby. "Whatever should happen," Lydia said, "you know I never wanted to be buried in a graveyard." As darkness and rain closed in about them, they pinned their hopes on the men trying to reach the

continued



Preferred by motorists in 67 countries

Motorists all over the world rely on Valvoline Motor Oil. It's the *rugged* motor oil! Meets the rough, tough demands of modern driving! Valvoline is the *only* motor oil with Chemaloy, an exclusive development of advanced research that makes sure your engine stays clean, resists wear, delivers top power. Result—you get longer engine life, savings on gas and repairs. So change now to Valvoline, world's first – world's finest motor oil. Ask for it at service stations, garages, new car dealers and speed shops.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Freedom, Pa., Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Johnnie Walker Red, smooth enough to be the world's largest-selling Scotch.



peak above. It was well that they could not know what was happening there.

Of the three above, only Joyce still held his life surely in his fist. After leaving the others, the trio had continued up the couloir to the Otter Body snowfield. Blade, who had worked so hard engineering his party up the mountain, had lost much of his strength and moved slowly. Smith spoke only when spoken to. Joyce kept saying, "We've got to move faster."

They traversed the snowfield, then climbed up it into another steep couloir beyond. Blade still led, followed by Smith and Joyce. Slowly Blade climbed one pitch, then another into the couloir. Suddenly, as Joyce recalls it, he and Smith heard a frightening call from above. "My fingers are frozen," Blade yelled. "I can't hold on."

Joyce, standing on an exposed ledge, shouted to Smith, "I can't stop him if he falls. Can you?"

"I'm all right," Smith said.

They could hear Blade scrambling above. Then they heard him shout. He fell 20 feet to Smith's level, then another 20 feet before the rope snapped tight. Smith's piton held, breaking Blade's fall. Joyce could hear Blade struggling on the far side of the column almost on his same level.

"Are you all right?" Joyce said.

"Yes," Blade said, "but I'm upside down. Climb around and help me."

"I can't," Joyce said. "Get yourself up and swing over to me."

Blade did it. His body shook.

"We've got to get out of here," he said.

"No, we'll stay here tonight," Joyce said.

"This ledge is too small," Blade said. "We'll have to move."

"We're staying here," Joyce said. "Sit down." For the first time he had asserted himself.

Blade sat down. Smith joined them and the three huddled together on the tiny ledge. In the dark Smith began talking wildly. He stood up. "Why don't we walk down?" he said. Joyce, realizing that Smith was out of his senses, gently pulled him down. For a time the three sat very close together. Then Smith pulled

continued



Cane Creek Cascades near Pikeville

Yes! In Tennessee

Many exciting roads ramble through the breathtaking foothills and up into the Great Smoky Mountains of East Tennessee. . . . Modern and rustic accommodations are available in 21 State Parks and recreation is plentiful on the 22 Great Lakes. Plan to see Tennessee this year.

SEND TODAY FOR COLORFUL 32 PAGE VACATION GUIDE

TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION
DIVISION OF TOURIST INFORMATION
707 CORDELL HULL BUILDING
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37219

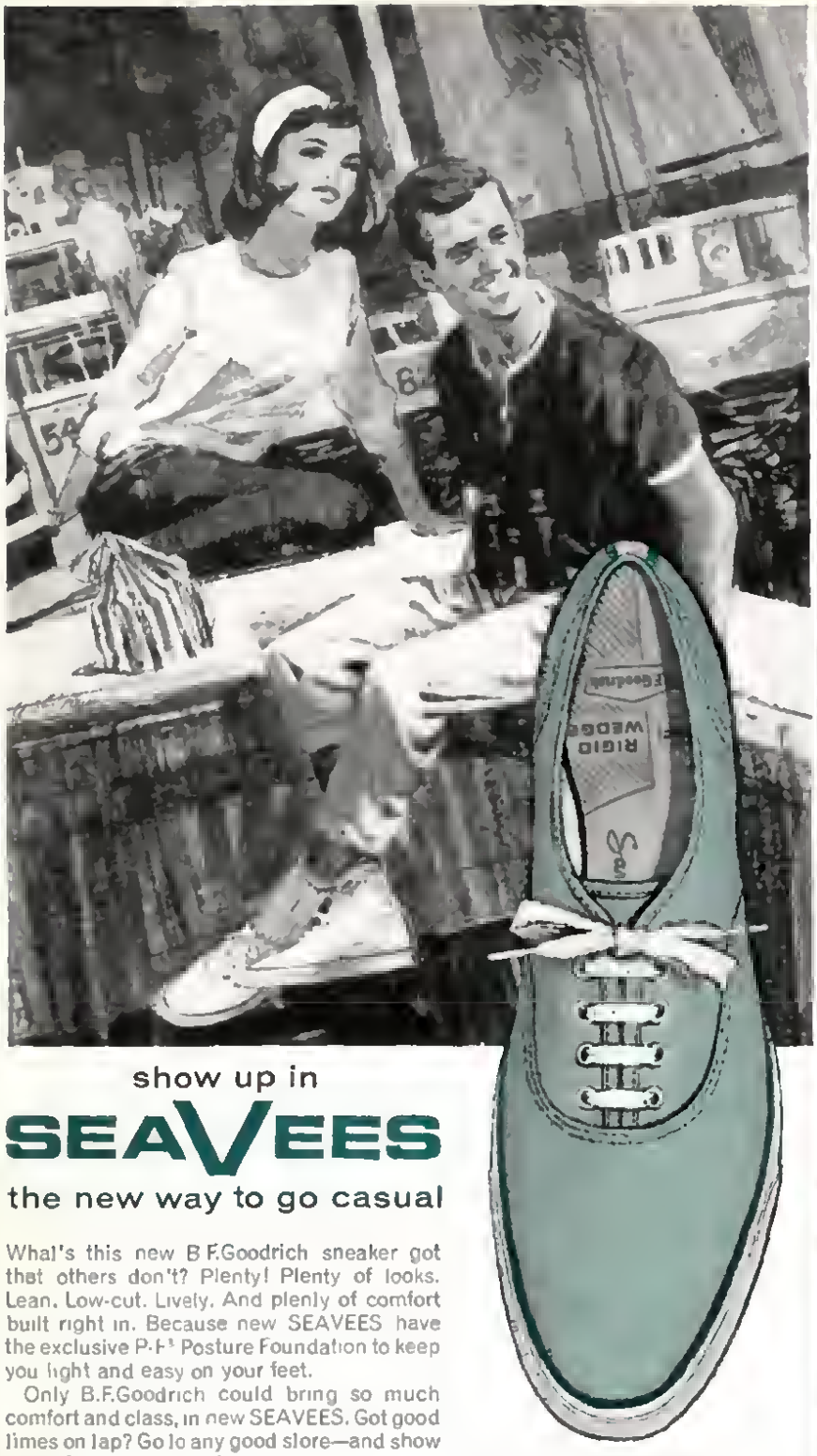
Please send FREE Vacation Guide

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE, ZIP _____



show up in

SEAVEES

the new way to go casual

What's this new B.F.Goodrich sneaker got that others don't? Plenty! Plenty of looks. Lean. Low-cut. Lively. And plenty of comfort built right in. Because new SEAVEES have the exclusive P-F¹ Posture Foundation to keep you light and easy on your feet.

Only B.F.Goodrich could bring so much comfort and class, in new SEAVEES. Got good times on tap? Go to any good store—and show up in SEAVEES today!

SEAVEES are priced from $5.95

SEAVEES in colors? You bet. Besides White, there's Light Blue, Navy, Green and Breton Red.





B.F.Goodrich

Get the yacht shoe with Grip Power: the new P-F Yacht Shoe! Exclusive "Grip Block" sole design plus the famous Posture Foundation rigid wedge in the heel for extra comfort.

about a foot away from the other two.

"Come back with us," Blade said, "you'll keep warm." Smith, shivering violently, pulled farther away. Smith's reasons for holding himself apart have become a subject of much speculation among those involved in the climb and rescue. Was he simply dazed, or was it, as Joyce thought, dislike of Blade that drove him away? But if that were so, why did he also keep himself apart the first night, when some had thought he was simply prudish? Was it something darker? All mountaineering is a flirtation with death and, if Freud is right, there may be in all of us a subconscious wish to bring that flirtation to a culmination. Certainly Smith had been pessimistic and discouraged long before anyone else—almost, it seemed to some, too soon.

Much later Blade was to set forth a defense of the climb and his leadership in a statement to the National Park Service, and in it he wrote of this moment: "He . . . would not come back, even though we desperately needed one another for warmth. Our pleading was ineffective. Smith was evidently in a dazed condition, and was out of reach of any help that we might offer. Indeed, it was only each man's individual determination to live that brought us all through that night."

Meanwhile, far below, in a safer, warmer world, fate continued to conspire against those it had trapped on the Grand Teton, conspire in little ways and big ways: a down jacket was left behind, a famous climber made an unfortunate decision, and the storm began to grow into the worst summer blow the Grand Teton had seen in 20 years. The seven men and three women huddled on the mountain ledges that night might have expected rescue at any moment. Actually, the real rescue effort was just beginning.

Next Week

A morning of death is followed by a night of madness as one of the biggest and most difficult mountain rescues in U.S. history finds the rescue party attacked by nature, circumstances and even one of the climbers it set out to save.



The five leading golf balls

only one is registered

Registered Royal . . . the only ball that comes with this stamped-on proof that it will give you distance and accuracy unsurpassed by any other ball.

No Royal® golf ball can be registered and sold until it has passed incredible quality-control standards, second to none. Standards that include 9 days of tests—52 separate trials—and a final, scrupulous *individual inspection.*

That's why the registration number on every ball is your proof Registered Royal will give you distance and accuracy unsurpassed by any other ball.

Been playing another leading ball just out of habit? Play a round with a Registered Royal . . . and watch a habit be broken.

Sold only through golf professional shops.

Royal Golf Equipment

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER



There's never been a tire like this before.
The Dual 90 triple sealant seals punctures instantly...
and for keeps. You keep on driving.
Unsurpassed blowout protection, too! Over a mile
of super-strong Nygen cord reinforces this tire like flexible
armor. The new continental dual tread (with General's
patented Duragen rubber) gives you better road control:
takes curves easier, safer. Gives better traction.

These 3 rings travel in the best circles

And mileage...more than ever before!
For priceless peace of mind your General Tire
Specialist is the man to see.

GENERAL TIRE

TOP QUALITY FOR 50 YEARS

YESTERDAY

A Rookie Rocks the Brickyard

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

Young Frank Lockhart surprised everyone when he took the 1926 Indy 500 in his first attempt



As the field lined up for the start of the 1926 Indianapolis 500, few in the Memorial Day crowd noticed a tense, 23-year-old rookie driver named Frank Lockhart far back in the seventh row. A week earlier Lockhart had taken his first ride around the track when he talked his way into a tryout in a Miller Special. His time was so impressive he was named an alternate, and when the regular driver became ill Lockhart took his place in the Miller.

Not much was expected of him—he had qualified 20th in a field of 28—and, to make matters worse, rain seemed imminent. Lockhart was told to take it easy, for a slippery track would be especially dangerous for a novice driver.

At the flag, however, he pushed the gas pedal to the floor and began one of the most sensational runs in the history of the 500. After 25 miles he moved into third place, by the 50-mile mark he was in second, and when Dave Lewis, the leader, went to the pits on lap 59 Lockhart roared into first.

It was drizzling by then, and after a car had spun into the wall most of the veteran drivers eased off. But Lockhart kept pushing. When the race was finally flagged at 400 miles because of the severe weather conditions, Lockhart was almost three laps ahead of his nearest rival. He was the first rookie ever to win the Indianapolis 500.

Lockhart was no rookie, though, when it came to dirt-track racing. He had been competing since his late teens, when he had built his own Ford hot rod from a rusted Model T chassis and blitzed his way around California's Ascot Speedway. Born in Dayton in 1903, Lockhart moved to California with his mother when he was 6. His father had died that year and Mrs. Lockhart took in sewing to support her children. At 8 Lockhart nailed together his own soapbox racer, and his racing career began.

A fretful, inattentive student who filled his school notebooks with drawings of engines and cars, Lockhart disliked the basics of education. Yet his genius for mechanical design was awesome, and he was known to memorize entire issues of *Popular Mechanics*. When he took the entrance exam at the California Institute of Technology, he startled the examiners. Nobel Physicist Robert Millikan phoned Frank's mother, informing Mrs. Lockhart that her son's scores were "among the highest in our experience." He told her, "Frank has the mind of a born scientist. Can't you find someone to back his education?"

Mrs. Lockhart could not, and the boy went to work as an auto mechanic. On weekends he raced at Ascot, gaining a reputation for near-suicidal nerve on the dirt. At 21 he married the only girl he had ever dated. Like her husband, she didn't smoke or drink.

After his startling win at Indianapolis, Lockhart accepted a generous offer from Designer Harry Miller. He was to be given a car to race for the 1927 season, and was to be accompanied by Ernie Olson, the crack mechanic who had helped him gain a seat at Indy.

It turned out to be a perfect combination. In one afternoon at Cleveland in 1927, Lockhart broke more than 100 records with his Miller Special. He almost won the 500 again, too. After earning the pole position with a 120-mph qualifying speed and leading for 300 miles, he was forced to quit, when a connecting rod broke. He became the second-fastest man on earth when he achieved a new class straightaway mark of 171.02 mph on a dry lake bed in the Mojave Desert. Newspapers referred to him as FRANK THE GIANT KILLER after this performance. Yet Lockhart was not satisfied.

He next approached Fred Moskovics, president of the Stutz Motor Company, and the businessman agreed to help finance a car that was to be called the Stutz Black Hawk. Lockhart then hired Zenas and John Weisel, two noted designers, and immediately began drafting plans for the car. It was to be small and streamlined, down to four teardrop wheel spats. It would house a pair of Miller straight-eight engines (giving more than 560 hp) compactly fitted into a single crankcase and would reach 100 mph in low, 200 in second and up to 300 in high. The land-speed mark then stood at 203.79 mph, set by Henry Segrave's immense 1,000-hp Sunbeam, which weighed 7,500 pounds compared to the Hawk's planned weight of 2,800.

"We'll shoot for 225," Lockhart told Zenas. "That should give us the record."

During the eight months it took to

continued



Wenzel

for family fun there's nothing so enjoyable as camping out. And with Wenzel Tents and Sleeping Bags you get extra features, extra quality to assure you of added pleasure. So, let's go camping . . . with Wenzel!

America's Leading Line Since 1857

Tents and Sleeping Bags

H. WENZEL TENT & DUCK CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food

1827 e north ave. • milwaukee • wis

If you want to change the world

start here.

The Peace Corps
Washington, D.C., 20525.

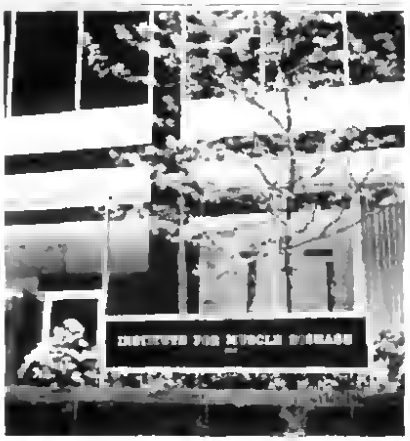
☐ Please send me information
☐ Please send me an application.

Name

Address

City

State Zip Code



What chemical events take place within living muscle tissue?
How does muscle work?
Why does it waste away in diseases like muscular dystrophy?
At the Institute for Muscle Disease, answers to these questions are being sought on a broad scientific front—ranging from the study of single muscle fibers to an exploration of the body's complex metabolic pathways. The Institute, a tower of hope to millions suffering from disorders of the neuromuscular system, is sponsored by

MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY ASSOCIATIONS OF AMERICA, INC.
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N Y

build the Hawk, Malcolm Campbell with his huge Napier, raised the mark to 206.9 at Daytona Beach—yet when Lockhart's "tiny" car was finished the experts agreed it could exceed 300. Tires, however, would be a problem. Lockhart had always used Firestones on the track, but he was offered $20,000 if he would try some experimental two-ply cable-cord tires on the Hawk. Since the car had cost an estimated $100,000—a much higher total than anticipated—Lockhart accepted the offer.

Under cloudy skies, late in February of 1928, at Daytona, Lockhart finally went all out in the Black Hawk. Because of rain squalls earlier in the day the sand was in poor shape, and the roaring Stutz hit a rough spot in the beach at better than 220 mph. Lockhart lost control, and the car flipped end over end into the sea.

"The driver, temporarily dazed, was still in the seat," said W. T. Sturm, Henry Segrave's manager. "Waves tore at the car as it settled in water deep enough to cover it. Twenty men waded out into the surf, and one of them clamped his hand over Lockhart's mouth to keep him from drowning. So terrific had been the force of the impact that the Black Hawk's body was bent, and Lockhart was pinned in the car. Someone ran into the water with a rope, and it was quickly tied to the submerged front axle. More than a dozen men rigged the car slowly back to the beach, and the driver's life was saved."

Lockhart's only injury was three cut tendons on his left wrist. The car was in worse shape and took two months to repair. During that time Ray Keech raised the land speed record to 207.5 mph.

Late in April of 1928, Lockhart set out once again over the packed sands of Daytona, making three faultless runs as a warmup (he reached 200 mph). He then aimed the Black Hawk's sleek nose for the AAA timing traps, superchargers howling under high revs. His speed rose 200 . . . 210 . . . 215 . . . 220. Suddenly, sand spurted up from the right rear tire, and the spectators screamed. The tire had blown out. Lockhart was helpless in the tight cockpit. The car skidded 500 yards, then thrashed and slammed itself over the beach, pitching out Lockhart before coming to rest upside down, a demolished mass of smoking metal. Lockhart lay face down in the sand, dead at 25. END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Members of the WASHINGTON (4–2) chapter of the Los Angeles Dodgers Alumni Association had one big homecoming celebration last week. In a doubleheader sweep against the Angels in Chavez Ravine, Frank Howard cracked six hits, including two homers, and knocked in five runs; Ken McMullen went five for nine and hit a home run, and Phil Ortega pitched a five-hit shutout. Receiving another complete game win from Pete Richert, also an ex-Dodger, the Senators swept two doubleheaders, now have a 13–3 record in eight twin bills this year. Pepper pot Don Zimmer, who spent six years *with* the Dodgers as an infielder, went behind the plate and did well, though Zimmer claimed that Manager Gil Hodges, bedded with a virus, missed a game "because he couldn't stand to see me catch." The 6-foot 7-inch, 255-pound Howard, who went 11 for 24 (.458) during the week, was the big story for the Senators. "I'm not a complete player," Howard admitted. "I can't throw like a complete player should. And I don't always hit the ball like I should. I do try, though.' Replied Gil Hodges, "Frank's being paid to hit." Howard saved a victory over Kansas City when he stretched his long arms over the left-field fence in D.C. Stadium to snatch Ken Harrelson's bid for a game-tying three-run homer. MINNESOTA (5–1) Owner Calvin Griffith told the Twin Cities press that his club was only two players short of the pennant. "Yeah, Sandy Koufax and Ron Santo," laughed a cynic, thinking of the long season still ahead for Manager Sam Mele. Jimmie Hall slowed down trade rumors with three homers, a .520 week's batting average and improved play in center field. Vic Davalillo's 10th-inning double and Joe Azcue's pinch-hit two-run single won games for CLEVELAND (4–1). Manager Birdie Tebbetts plugged the second-base hole with ex-Yankee Pedro Gonzalez, who responded with a decisive home run. Whitey Ford won twice, Mel Stottlemyre and Al Downing once each, and NEW YORK (4–2) scuttled some of that collapse talk by taking three of four from Chicago. Elston Howard came off the disabled list, lined a pinch single to beat the White Sox in the 10th. Tom Tresh hit three homers and a single in one game against the White Sox. Manager Al Lopez of sagging CHICAGO (2–4) employed his "quick hook" even quicker. He yanked Tommy John in the third inning, Juan Pizarro in the first during a doubleheader loss (6–1 and 12–0) to the Yankees. Wally Bunker revitalized BALTIMORE (3–3) with a five-hit shutout against the Angels. Slumping John Powell said, "I'm just a hair behind the fast ball and a hair in front of the curve." Charley Dressen rejoined DETROIT (1–4), but the Tigers, unimpressed, turned sour and even lost to their Syracuse farm club. Dick Radatz' first major league homer and two more superb relief performances (6⅔ innings, 2 hits, 10 strikeouts) were the only BOSTON (3–5) bright spots. Travel-weary LOS ANGELES (4–4) (a game in Boston one day, a doubleheader in L.A. the next) was shut out three times. Jim Gentile errored returning a throw to a KANSAS CITY (1–5) pitcher, was traded to Houston a few days later.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Rain and time did not weaken Bob Veale, PITTSBURGH (5–2) pitching ace. Neither did National League batters. The bespectacled southpaw shut out Philadelphia (16 strikeouts) and New York in rainy weather last week. The Phillies' Chris Short watched Veale endure two delays totaling two hours and five minutes, then said: "I saw him warm up three times, and I swear he got faster every time." Veale allowed only two earned runs while completing four straight starts. The Pirates' 12-game winning streak ended on Thursday, naturally. They had lost every Thursday game this year. Vernon Law started another win skein by blanking New York for the second time in a week. And Jerry Lynch erased his own major league record with his 17th pinch-hit home run. MILWAUKEE (5–2) Outfielder Mack Jones, who flopped miserably in four previous major league tryouts, beat Houston with a bases-empty home run, then Los Angeles with a grand slam. Jones finally learned that a high, inside fast ball—once his "out" pitch—is a ball. Eddie Mathews also hit two homers, including a three-run shot to beat the Dodgers. With four switch-hitting infielders and a makeshift outfield, LOS ANGELES (4–4) still managed to maintain a comfortable lead. Ron Fairly (two-run homer) drove in the winning run for the eighth time this year. "My father told me when you look at those base runners, you look at them as dollar signs—not men," said Fairly. Hal Woodeschick, HOUSTON (4–3) reliever, was so overjoyed the run-starved Astros had obtained slugger Jim Gentile that he asked: "Do you want me to get a cab and meet him at the airport?" Claude Raymond was awarded a start after 140 straight relief appearances, stopped the Cardinals 10–1. The Astros also exceeded their 1964 home attendance after only 27 Astrodome dates. "I definitely had to win this one—or else," smiled NEW YORK (4–3) Pitcher Galen Cisco after he terminated Pittsburgh's win streak. Jack Fisher won three-hit and five-hit games. SAN FRANCISCO (2–4) slugger Willie McCovey, often benched against southpaws the last few years, hit eight of his first 13 homers this season off left-handers. Said McCovey, "Alvin Dark played percentages instead of people." Bob Gibson lost his third straight, and Lou Brock had an 0-for-17 streak as ST. LOUIS (2–5) dropped nine of its last 11. CINCINNATI (4–3) Manager Dick Sisler convinced Joey Jay to junk his cute stuff, saw Jay three-hit Los Angeles to brake the Reds' six-game skid. CHICAGO (1–5) employed 26 pitchers in six games, using Reliever Ted Abernathy in five straight. PHILADELPHIA (3–3) did not have a pitcher among the top 22 earned run averages, also lacked hitting (last in league in runs scored), though John Callison hit three homers in one game. General Manager John Quinn admitted there was a slight dissension problem, too.

THE SEASON

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Colaman Cin .364	Staub Hou .200
Batting (AL)	Horton Det .356	Cash Det .161
Home run hitters (NL)	Mays SF 17 (1 per 10 AB)	Graal StL 0 (134 AB)
Home run hitters (AL)	Horton Det 10 (1 per 12 AB)	Richardson NY 0 (134 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Drysdale LA 9-3	Jackson NY 2-6
Pitching (AL)	Pascual Minn 7-0	O'Donoghue KC 2-7
ERA (NL)	Farrell Hou 1.68	Purkey StL 7.83
ERA (AL)	Miller Balt 1.70	Narum Wash 6.07
Complete games (NL)	Gibson StL 10 (12 starts)	Nottebart Hou 0 (11 starts)
Complete games (AL)	Roberts Bal 5 Stottlemyre NY 5 (11 starts)	May LA 0 Daniels Wash 0 (9 starts)
Team HRs (NL)	Cincinnati 56	Los Angeles 27
Team HRs (AL)	Boston-Washington 56	Los Angeles 34
Team SBs (NL)	Los Angeles 54	Philadelphia 6
Team SBs (AL)	Los Angeles 38	Washington 8

Boxed statistics through Saturday, June 5

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



FRANK HOWARD

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING—After 68 days of competition among more than 28,500 men and 5,372 teams, the American Bowling Congress tournament in St. Paul closed with TOM HATHAWAY of Los Angeles the all-events winner (1,922 pins). KEN ROTH of Dubuque gained the singles title (700). DAN SLAK and BUZ BOSLER of Milwaukee the doubles (1,300) and G. & C. McDERMITT of East McKeesport, Pa., the team championship (3,074).

BOXING—The Philippines' FLASH ELORDE, 30, defending for the eighth time the junior lightweight title he won five years ago, knocked out Teruo Kosaka of Japan at 2:14 of the 15th round before 40,000 persons in Manila.

Ex-Middleweight Champion SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, 45, who lost a close 10-round decision to unranked Memo Ayon of Mexico a week earlier, dropped another decision, this time a unanimous 10 rounder to Hawaii's Stan Harrington in Honolulu.

MARCEL CERDAN JR., son of another former middleweight champion, gained his eighth straight professional victory with a second-round knockout of Spain's Jaime Aparicio in Paris.

GOLF—TONY LEMA won the $100,000 Buick Open, his first victory in 11 months, with an eight-under-par 280 after his main challenger Jack Nicklaus, hit his tee shot out of bounds on the 72nd hole. Nicklaus had previewed this unsettling shot with a duffer-like round of 82 in the Buick Pro-Am but Arnold Palmer, who tied for 20th outdid even that hair-pulling feat on the 16th in the third round.

Lanky KATHY WHITWORTH of San Antonio shot a three-under-par 213 for 54 holes to win the $8,500 Bluegrass invitational in Louisville. It was Miss Whitworth's third victory this season and boosted her earnings to $91,379—both highs on the LPGA tour.

HARNESS RACING—In a three-horse photo finish, SPEEDY SCOT driven by Ralph Baldwin edged Sir Mac Lad by a neck and Big Jolin by another neck to win the $25,000 Marquis de Lafayette Trot at Brandywine Raceway in Wilmington, Del. *(page 83)*

Unbeaten BRET HANOVER, guided by Frank Ervin, won the $21,434 Matron Stake at Detroit's Wolverine Raceway by six lengths over Admeant II to win the 3-year old pacer's 28th straight victory and tied the modern career mark set by Torpid in 1957.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Ben Cohen's HAIL TO ALL ($7.30), Irish from a Jersey Derby victory five days earlier, caught Preakness winner Tom Rolfe in the stretch to take the $147,900 Belmont Stakes by a neck at Aqueduct (*page 28*).

The largest crowd ever to see a Thoroughbred race in New York, 71,375, watched GUN BOW ($5.80) WALLY BLUM up, take the $133,600 Metropolitan Mile, the first leg of the Handicap Triple Crown at Aqueduct by a neck over Hail to All.

A French-bred and French-trained colt, SEA BIRD II, the 7-to-4 favorite, won the 186th running of the $215,768 Epsom Derby at Epsom Downs, England by two lengths over Meadow Court.

TENNIS—The U.S. shut out Canada 5-0 in the American Zone Davis Cup semifinals in Bakersfield, Calif., and will meet either Mexico or New Zealand in the American zone finals in Dallas at the end of July. The Americans clinched the match when CHUCK McKINLEY and MARTY RIESSEN defeated Canada's Keith Carpenter and Harry Lanquier in the doubles 9-7, 6-2, 6-3 after GENE SCOTT had beaten Lanquier 6-3, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4 and ARTHUR ASHE had taken Carpenter 6-1, 6-1, 6-1 in the opening day singles. Meanwhile, DENNIS RALSTON, who had been benched for the cup match, won his second straight national hard-court championship by defeating Hani Richardson 6-4, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4 in Sacramento, Calif.

MARGARET SMITH of Australia, who lost to countrywoman Lesley Turner in the finals of the French championship earlier in the week, took the women's singles title in the Northern Tennis Tournament in Manchester, England with a 6-1, 7-5 victory over Maria Buenno of Brazil.

TRACK & FIELD—Australia's RON CLARKE cracked two world records—both his own—at the Compton Invitational meet in Los Angeles (*page 79*). He finished the 5,000-meter run in 13:25.8 to better his four-month-old mark by 7.8 seconds and on the way clipped 7.2 seconds off his 1964 three-mile record with a 12:00.4. New Zealand's PETER SNELL ran a [illegible] inches as Jim Grelle of Portland, Ore. finished second in the same time, followed by teen-ager Jim Ryun of Wichita, Kans. in 3:56.8 and Czechoslovakia's Josef Odlozil in 3:57.6. The 880 was even closer as BILL CROTHERS of Toronto barely edged Bob Hose of San Diego and Ted Nelson of the Southern California Striders. All were timed in 1:46.7. ULIS WILLIAMS also of the Striders took the 440 in 46.4, followed by teammate Mike Larrabee a second behind. The U.S. Army's PAUL DRAYTON flashed to a 20.7 victory in the 220, BLAINE LINDGREEN of the Striders won the 120 high hurdles (13.9) and the Striders' RALPH BOSTON took the broad jump (25 feet 8¾ inches).

At a meet in Paris, five men broke four minutes in the mile with MICHEL JAZY of France the winner in 3:55.4—the fastest clocking ever by a European. Jean Wadoux of France finished second in 3:57.2, followed by Poland's Witold Bitan (3:57.4), Claude Nicolas of France (3:59.1) and Miroslav Juza of Czechoslovakia (3:59.2).

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY, dominating the relays and the 440, breezed to a 37-point victory margin in the NAIA championships in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The speedy Jaguars won the 440-yard relay (41.2), set a meet record in the mile relay (3:09.3) and took four of the six places in the 440 (Southern's THURON LEWIS was the winner in 46.6) en route to its whopping 77 point total. Far behind in second place was North Carolina's two-man team (NORM TATE and EDWIN ROBERTS) with 40 points. Late the meet's only double winner and its outstanding performer, successfully defended his broad-jump and hop-step-and-jump titles and came in fifth in the 100. Roberts set a meet record in the 220 (:20.5) and was runner-up in the 100. Other meet marks were broken by LLOYD BURSON of Western New Mexico in the three-mile run (13:45.8) and DAVE PRICE of California Western in the shot put (62 feet 9 1/4 inches). For the fourth year in a row JOHN CAMILS of Emporia State (Kans.) won the mile; this time in a slow 4:10.1.

World record holder LUDVIK DANEK of Czechoslovakia set an American discus mark with a 211-foot ½-inch throw at the AAU all-comers meet in Long Beach, Calif. Jay Sylvester tossed the discus 210 feet 6 inches, the best ever by an American to finish second.

WRESTLING—IRAN won the World Amateur Freestyle Wrestling Championships in Manchester, England with 30½ points to Bulgaria's 26 and the Soviet Union's 24½. The U.S., seventh with 5½ points, had only one medal winner, LARRY KRISTOFF of Carbondale, Ill., who came in third in the heavyweight division.

MILEPOSTS—EARNED: A doctorate of philosophy in mathematics at Rice by FRANK RYAN, 29, the quarterback of the NFL champion Cleveland Browns.

SOLD: Kansas City Athletics First Baseman JIM GENTILE (.246, 10 HRs) to the Houston Astros for $100,000 plus minor league Pitcher Jesse Hickman and a player to be named.

TRADED: Fullback-Punter JOE DON LOONEY and an undisclosed draft choice by the Baltimore Colts to the Detroit Lions for Linebacker DENNIS GAUBATZ.

TRADED: By the Chicago Black Hawks, Forwards JOHN McKENZIE and RAY CULLEN, the VIII's rookie of the year, to the New York Rangers for minor league Forwards DAVE RICHARDSON and DICK MEISSNER plus Defenseman TRACY PRATT and MEL PEARSON.

DIED: MURRAY BALFOUR, 28, a Chicago Black Hawks' right wing for five seasons (1959-1964), of lung cancer in Regina, Sask. Balfour skated with Bobby Hull and Bill Hay on what was called the million dollar line in 1960, 1961 and scored 48 points.

DIED: Former coach of the Green Bay Packers and one of the organizers of the NFL, CURLY LAMBEAU, 67, of a heart attack in Sturgeon Bay, Wis. Lambeau, who never graduated from college, founded the Packers and spent 31 stormy years (1919-1949) with the team as player-coach-vice-president and general manager. His teams won 212 NFL games, lost 109, tied 24, took six NFL championships and four divisional titles. From 1929-1931 Green Bay won three straight championships, a feat never duplicated in the NFL. Lambeau quarterbacked the team from 1919 to 1929 and once threw 45 passes in a single game. After he left the Packers, Lambeau coached the Chicago Cardinals (1950-1951) and the Washington Redskins (1952-1954) before retiring from football.

CREDITS

6 R. Neal/Sports Illustrated; 26 Tom Hollyman; 27 Lawrence Cutler; 29 Hans Schmidt; 30 Jay Maisel/Sports Illustrated; 41, 43 Tony Triolo/Sports Illustrated; 48 Neil Boyle; 64 AP; 68, 69 Hugh Lynch; 70 Joseph Cavalieri; 79 Robert Clarkson; 107 AP; 108 Dan Bowen; Peter Diana, Times Wide; Neil Snyder.

FACES IN THE CROWD



STEVE GENTRY of State College, Pa. chipped eight seconds from the Pennsylvania high school mile record with a 4:12.4 in the state championships. Gentry also anchored 11:53.2 the two-mile relay team that finished 2.1 seconds below the listed national mark of 7:47.8.



WILLIAM TYTUS, a senior stroke on Seattle's Lakeside School's four-oared crew, organized and led the team to the National Schoolboy championships in its first competitive race. Tytus, who also skis, swims, sails and water skis, *will continue* to row at Princeton.



MRS. C. D. LEE, 63, of El Paso took the Texas Senior Women's Golf Tournament for the seventh straight year, at the Houston Country Club, with a 7 and 5 match-play win over Mrs. W. K. Stripling of Fort Worth. Mrs. Lee had a two-under-par 35 over the front nine.



MIKE SULLIVAN, 14, a diver from Orinda, Calif. who has won his event in nearly every *meet he entered the past* two years, recently took the free exercise, tumbling and trampoline titles at the National YMCA Gymnastics Tournament in Berkeley, Calif.



MARK COMBS, 12, of Honolulu, who has been breaking swimming records since he was 7 (he holds 33 state marks), set his sixth national record (for age groups 12 or under) with a 2:17.9 in the 200-yard individual medley at Hawaii's AAU senior swimming and diving meet.



JIM NEEDHAM, a junior right-hander for the Loomis School, Windsor, Conn., yielded only one run in 53 innings for a 0.17 earned run average. During his streak, Needham, a switch-hitting outfielder (.333) when he isn't on the mound, won 4 and struck out 90.





If they run out of Löwenbräu.....order champagne.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383. BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK.
THE HAND BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, L.I., NEW YORK. PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.
EM3

Move to the mild side



When you move to the mild side, you'll meet a new kind of drink. Smoother. Tastier. The secret: Corby's, 86-proof whiskey on the mild side. Try it; enjoy the difference.

CORBY'S

FINE WHISKEY ON THE MILD SIDE



BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68⅔% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS BARCLAY & CO LTD PEORIA, ILL

EM4

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNMOOTED POINT

Sirs:

As I turned my radio on that Tuesday night I was confused about what to expect in the fight. I fostered some suspicion that Clay was a very good fighter, but in the face of the ill will shown him by the public and by most news media I had my doubts. When the fight ended and I read the newspapers the next day I was convinced the fight was a fluke. Then I read your excellent coverage (June 7). The article by Tex Maule and the excerpts from Jim Murray's column were refreshingly convincing amidst most of the other accounts supplied to the public by the press. The photography proves your points conclusively: Champion Muhammad Ali is a very good fighter; the punch was one of the quickest and hardest ever seen (or not seen) by boxing audiences.

Thank you very much.

THE REV. FORREST SHUE

Bloomsbury, N.J.

Sirs:

Now that SI's readers have been persuaded that Liston was knocked out with a "perfectly valid, stunning right-hand punch," what next? I suggest the building of an invincible, Joe Louis-type image around Clay. This could last for at least 10 years!

Or maybe we should just abandon the whole stunning mess that boxing is in and concede that there is more honor, if not money, in simply running old movies of real champs like Dempsey, Tunney and Louis.

A. G. WEEKS

St. Louis

Sirs:

Your follow-up article on the Lewiston fight was the very first intelligent discussion in a week of what can only be described as national hysteria. It is ironic that those who view this supposed "hoax" as the death knell of a "rapidly fading sport" themselves represent the true threat to boxing. You are to be commended on your calm, in the face of a "national crisis."

CHIP GREENWOOD

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Have you heard there is a new drink on the market? It is called Phantom Punch. It is served in an empty glass.

FREEMAN P. FOUNTAIN, M.D.

Albuquerque

ROO RUE

Sirs:

Thank you for Virginia Kraft's article *Goodby, Kangaroos* (May 31). Although I am only 17 years old and do not remember when our game was really plentiful, the stories I have heard and read about slaughter in our own past have made me aware of the tragedy of animal extinction. Even now, if the Australians do something about the kangaroos, they will be doing not only themselves, but the entire world, a great favor.

C. E. GILL

New Orleans

Sirs:

Miss Kraft's article on what the Aussies are doing to their Kangas, their Roos and their Pooh Bears (koalas) is enough to turn every gentle Winnie the Pooh fan from here to Queensland into a snarling, bloodthirsty beast of prey. Sic 'em, Piglet! Kick 'em, Eeyore! Get in there and cut 'em down, Christopher Robin!

J. PATTERSON

New York City

Sirs:

As a recent visitor to Australia and as a member of the livestock industry, I found your article not only infuriating but, in places, a misrepresentation.

While I am sure Virginia Kraft was very disappointed not to be able to hunt kangaroo, the fact is that the kangaroo, in parts of Australia, is still numerous and in direct competition with cattle and sheep for the limited feed that exists.

As Miss Kraft mentioned in her article, a parallel can be seen in our own history: the buffalo. Consider what would have happened if someone had written an article, *Goodby, Buffalo*, and Congress had passed legislation that protected the buffalo. One probable result would have been that when you went to the Stork Club you would be eating tough, stringy, buffalo instead of a marbled, juicy and tender porterhouse steak.

JOHN C. SCHWARZ

Big Sandy, Mont.

Sirs:

Your magazine has done irreparable damage to the American Guild of Kangaroo Tanners, the fine quality manufacturers of athletic goods, and also to many of this country's great retail outlets.

Your writer quotes a report of 10 million animals killed a year. Never has the kill been more than one million; it has generally been between 750,000 and one million. This kill has been going on for 20 years and has not yet diminished the kangaroo population in any way.

Kangaroo leather has been used in this country for more than 50 years and has been the mainstay of all the best-quality athletic footwear. For many years it was also the mainstay of men's and women's soft-leather comfort shoes. The only thing that has changed in kangaroo leather is the use of the hide and the manner in which it is tanned. When the market for comfort shoes disappeared, it was necessary to find new markets. These new markets were, for example, kangaroo golf bags, golf gloves, golf shoes, head covers, carryall bags. Rather than tear down this industry with an inflammatory article you should have given it a pat on the back.

JOHN STONE
Director, American Guild
of Kangaroo Tanners

Boston

Sirs:

When the author stated that "it is relatively easy to eliminate a species but impossible to bring it back," she summed up all the arguments on this controversial topic.

JACK DEMOS

Wayne, Pa.

CHEAPER BY TWO DOZEN

Sirs:

Hurrah and congratulations on your fine May 31 article, *The New National Football League* (?). Dan Jenkins' proposal probably made Pete Rozelle regurgitate, but I'm sure it drew praise from the football public.

A new league, a merger, a common draft and/or further expansion are highly possible if not inevitable. Football would benefit from truly national competition, and the fruits of such competition would be keen public enthusiasm.

My twofold hope is that some imaginative thought and positive action may ensue and that Pete Rozelle takes a hint from a restless public.

JAMES MCRAE

Houston

Sirs:

If eliminating "losers" is Mr. Jenkins' main objective why not put each of his 24 "New NFL" teams into 24 separate divisions, each playing intrasquad games? That way every team would be a winner.

ROBERT K. ROSKA

Milwaukee

Sirs:

Come off it! Why not have the Brooklyn Centipedes in the East with Ed Kranepool at quarterback and in the West have the Hollywood Hi-Jackers, with James Bond as fullback?

NORMAN OULSTER

Toronto

continued

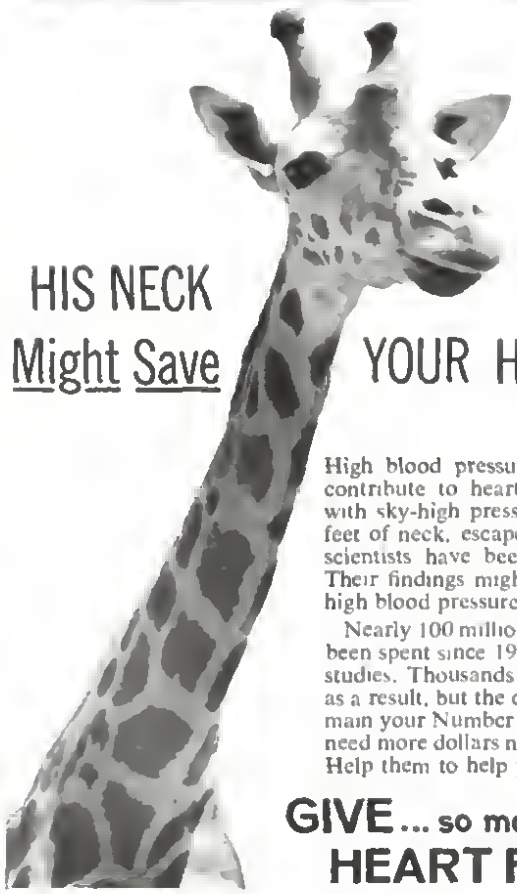


HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

Why? Because better beer just isn't made. Not in a lot for instance? O.K. Our brewmasters carefully age Heineken for long periods. That makes for naturally tiny bubbles. And the smaller the bubbles the better the beer. So if you drink Heineken often, you know what good beer is. And, if you enjoy it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER



HIS NECK
Might Save YOUR HEART

High blood pressure can cause stroke and contribute to heart attack. But the giraffe, with sky-high pressure pushing blood up 10 feet of neck, escapes these threats. Research scientists have been searching for reasons. Their findings might help guard *you* against high blood pressure damage.

Nearly 100 million Heart Fund dollars have been spent since 1949 on many vital research studies. Thousands of lives have been saved as a result, but the cardiovascular diseases remain your Number 1 health enemy. Scientists need more dollars now to expand their search. Help them to help you.

GIVE... so more will live
HEART FUND

Sirs:

Your proposed four-division merger for pro football was beautiful. It has only one flaw. It's logical. This same flaw applies to baseball, which desperately needs a two-league, four-division setup also. Ten-team leagues are too unwieldy—and produce too many distant also-rans. Why can't baseball go forward for a change?

PHIL BEZONSKY

Los Angeles

LOUELLA VEECK

Sirs:

The Bill Veeck series is simply great, but he errs in Part 3 (*For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, May 31) when he says that the Giants got Pitchers Billy Pierce and Don Larsen from the White Sox in 1961 for four players nobody ever heard of.

Three of the players were nonentities, it's true, but the fourth is a player named Eddie Fisher, who has become one of the best relievers in the game and who has almost singlehandedly knuckled the Chisox into pennant contention with his superb bullpen work.

Considering that Fisher is still a young man and that Pierce and Larsen contributed very little to the Giants after 1962 (Pierce, of course, is now out of baseball, and Larsen has himself become a nonentity), Horace Stoneham didn't get off so easily in that particular trade as Veeck would have us believe.

LARRY BORTSTEIN

The Bronx

Sirs:

Bill Veeck himself was absolutely the worst guy for making a deal. Anybody, I mean anybody, could "take" him. Before his departure for the Maryland shore he had dealt away the cream of the White Sox farm system. I think you have helped Bill Veeck find his niche in baseball—the Louella Parsons of the game. All the rifts and gossip could be his to report and in this way he could continue to serve so well the game in which he has made his money.

ALLEN E. ELIOT

Glencoe, Ill.

Sirs:

The article about Horace Stoneham hit below the belt. I am more inclined to believe that Bill Veeck is the person suffering from intoxication.

GARY CAVALLI

Cupertino, Calif.

Sirs:

Three cheers for *The Hustler's Handbook*. The nearest to the style and punch of Westbrook Pegler I have seen.

W. L. HOFFMAN

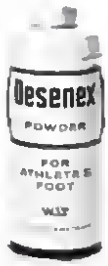
Charleston, W. Va.



GO AHEAD . . . GO CADILLAC !

In whatever price range you plan to choose your next car, you should consider Cadillac above all. Naturally, if your choice were unrestricted you would prefer one of Cadillac's eleven exciting new models for 1965. Next best choice would be a late-model, previously-owned Cadillac. It is a recognized fact that a well-maintained, one-owner used Cadillac is actually the only real rival of a new Cadillac. And new or used, the one place to choose your Cadillac is at your authorized Cadillac dealer's. His wide selection and his reputation for quality are your assurance of motoring satisfaction. Go ahead . . . go Cadillac!

Standard of the World *Cadillac*



Desenex is the Athletes' Athlete's Foot Treatment

Selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team at Tokyo.
Preferred by nearly all NFL and AFL trainers.
Most often prescribed and recommended by doctors.
Compounded with undecylenic acid, a standard Athlete's Foot treatment used by the U.S. Armed Forces.

Stay ahead of the game and avoid the itching, cracking and inflammation of Athlete's Foot. Just use Desenex regularly. It's as effective for the prevention as it is for the treatment of Athlete's Foot. Get Desenex Powder or cooling Desenex Aerosol for daytime use — and Desenex Ointment for night. Desenex is guaranteed to work or we'll refund your money. Fair enough?

WTS-PHARMACRAFT Rochester, N.Y. 14603



I have an excellent Dun & Bradstreet, shoot in the low 80's, and always use Desenex to prevent spreading Athlete's Foot.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhett Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pullen Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Treasurer, Evan S. Ingels; Assistant Treasurer, Richard B. McKeough.

Sports Illustrated

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE
mail this form with your payment,
check one
☐ new subscription. ☐ renew my subscription

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. $7.50
All other subscriptions, 1 yr. $10.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS
attach label here

If you're moving please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state zipcode

VERY
VERY
PALE





So pale that new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is virtually invisible in your gin or vodka. Extra pale and extra dry for today's correct Martinis.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country